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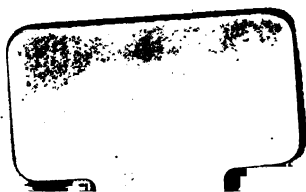
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THE
BRITISH POETS.

One Hundred Volumes.

VOL. LIII.

THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

LIII.

AKENSIDE, VOL. II. DYER.

CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;

FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,
G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, R. TRIPHOOK, J. EBERS,
TAYLOR AND HESSEY, R. JENNINGS, G. COWIE AND CO.
N. HAILES, J. PORTER, B. E. LLOYD AND SON,
C. SMITH, AND C. WHITTINGHAM.

1822.



THE
POEMS
OF
AKENSIDE, VOL. II.—AND DYER.

Chiswick :
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.



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THE
POEMS
OF
Mark Akenside, M.D.

VOL. II.

ODES.

BOOK I.

PREFACE.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
O'erlook the falling stream,
O, master of the Latin lyre,
A while with thee will I retire
From summer's noontide beam.

And, lo, within my lonely bower
The' industrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews;
'For me (she sings) the gems are born,
For me their silken robe adorn,
Their fragrant breath diffuse.'

Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm
This hospitable scene deform,
Nor check thy gladsome toils;
Still may the buds unsullied spring,
Still showers and sunshine court thy wing
To these ambrosial spoils.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
Her fellow labourer thee to hail;
And lucky be the strains!
For long ago did Nature frame
Your seasons and your arts the same,
Your pleasures and your pains.

Like thee, in lowly silvan scenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens,
My Muse delighted plays;
Nor through the desert of the air,
Though swans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition strays.

Nor where the boding raven chants,
Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts
Will she her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From Superstition's horrid glooms,
To daylight and to joy.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste;
Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with scorn to Envy's use
The' insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
The nettle's sordid sting.

From all which Nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
She draws her blameless wealth;
And, when the generous task is done,
She consecrates a double boon
To Pleasure and to Health.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

1740.

THE radiant ruler of the year
 At length his wintry goal attains;
 Soon to reverse the long career,
 And northward bend his steady reins.
 Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
 Prone rush the fiery floods of light
 Ripening the mountain's silver stores:
 While, in some cavern's horrid shade,
 The panting Indian hides his head,
 And oft the' approach of eve implores.

But lo, on this deserted coast,
 How pale the sun! how thick the air!
 Mustering his storms, a sordid host,
 Lo, Winter desolates the year.
 The fields resign their latest bloom;
 No more the breezes waft perfume,
 No more the streams in music roll:
 But snows fall dark, or rains resound;
 And, while great Nature mourns around,
 Her griefs infect the human soul.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
 Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire:
 Harmonious dances, festive songs,
 Against the spiteful heaven conspire.
 Meantime perhaps with tender fears
 Some village dame the curfew hears,
 While round the hearth her children play:
 At morn their father went abroad;
 The moon is sunk and deep the road;
 She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the Sun's returning force;
E'en now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course.
Then louder howl the' aerial waste,
Be earth with keener cold embraced,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And Fancy, mocking Winter's might,
With flowers and dews and streaming light,
Already decks the new-born Spring.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
How soon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How soon each hovering tempest fly,
Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To overwhelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

But let not man's unequal views
Presume o'er Nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
The' indulgence of the Sovran Cause;
Secure that health and beauty springs
Through this majestic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that Heaven's all subduing will
With good, the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every state below.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful scenes to tread

Where chiefs or legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taste the' Ionian song,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Resounding through the olive shade.

But should some cheerful, equal friend,
Bid leave the studious page a while,
Let Mirth on Wisdom then attend,
And social Ease on learned Toil.
Then while, at Love's uncared-for shrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
While absence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the slow-returning May!

May, thou delight of Heaven and earth!
When will thy genial star arise?
The' auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes,
Within her silvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

And if believing Love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of absence die:
Then shall my jocund harp, attuned
To thy true ear, with sweeter sound

Pursue the free Horatian song :
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And Echo, down the bordering vale,
The liquid melody prolong.

TO A FRIEND

UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wishes gain
Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or cost one serious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules,
You learn'd of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chase,
You try the tender loss to bear;
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my censure strangely wrong
To count it such a slight affair?

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
Oft as you seek the well known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love:
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

Then tell me, is your soul entire?
Does Wisdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that be gone?
No tear half-starting from your eye?
No kindling blush you know not why?
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whose hand hath seized the favourite good
Which you reserved for happier years:
While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half-afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold!
O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty sold!

Cease then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy she your bliss to prove;
Then wherefore should she prove your care?
No: lay your myrtle garland down;
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

O just escaped the faithless main,
Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favour'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:

Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honour's shrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
And Time, the sire of manly care,
Will Fancy's dazzling colours tame,
A soberer dress will Beauty wear:
Then shall Esteem, by Knowledge led,
Enthroned within your heart and head
Some happier love, some truer fair.



AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

YES: you condemn the perjured maid
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart should home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falsehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
Or once dissemble your disdain,
Or listen to the syren's theme,
Or stoop to love: since now esteem,
And confidence, and friendship, is no more.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When summoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or cross her walk with slight respect

(For so is falsehood best repaid),
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
What means that darkness on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apostate to upbraid?

AGAINST SUSPICION.

OH, fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unseen,
The sorceress hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise;
And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent stain.

Then many a demon will she raise
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of lost delight
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
As lightning shines across the main,
Through whirlwinds and through night.

No more can faith or candour move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,

Which reason would applaud,
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Fancy malignant strives to dress
Like injury and fraud.

Farewell to Virtue's peaceful times :
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear :
Guilt follows guilt : and where the train
Begins with wrongs of such a stain
What horrors form the rear !

'Tis thus, to work her baleful power,
Suspicion waits the sullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,
When care the' infirmer bosom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the seats of life.

But come, forsake the scene unblest'd
Which first beheld your faithful breast
To groundless fears a prey :
Come where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubts away.

Throned in the Sun's descending car,
What power unseen diffuseth far
This tenderness of mind ?
What genius smiles on yonder flood ?
What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind ?

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whose wisdom our untoward frame

With social love restrains;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Givest us to double all our joys
And half disarm our pains;

Let universal candour still,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preserve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One sordid doubt within me raise,
To injure humankind.

TO CHEERFULNESS.

How thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows!
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.
—Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected scene,
While roused by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While Winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting Horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please?
Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:

O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen,
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest ;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye,
The year's returning pomp to spy.
He saw the radiant god of day
Waft in his car the rosy May ;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers ;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic moved along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While Earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains and flocks and fields rejoice ;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclined her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
Thee, pleasing Cheerfulness, was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings

To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine ;
Thou, Goddess, thy attempting hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong ;
And, joining Nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of homebred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deforms the scene when thou art by :
No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power ;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs :
The' officious daughters pleased attend ;
The brother adds the name of friend :
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound ;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceived declines.

Is there a youth whose anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied smart ?
Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs ;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please,

Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again :
The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung ;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight :
Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attired :
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspired :
Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom ;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the' enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
(A prey perhaps to Fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell !
Alone he treads the' autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid,
He sees the nightly damps ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend ;

He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole ;
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He asks a clue for Nature's ways ;
But Evil haunts him through the maze :
He sees ten thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And Chance and Fate assume the rod,
And Malice blot the throne of God.—
O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring ;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale :
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be bless'd.

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame ;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace intruding Care,
But most exert thy pleasing power
On Friendship's consecrated hour ;

And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike Wisdom's calm abode,
Or warm in Freedom's ancient cause
Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.
But if, by Fortune's stubborn sway
From him and Friendship torn away,
I court the Muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes
As just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

Not for themselves did humankind
Contrive the parts by Heaven assign'd
On life's wide scene to play :
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill,
Can conquer Glory's arduous hill,
If Fortune close the way.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Though last and least in Fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands ;
And knows what Nature's seal bestow'd,
And sees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he stands.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who rescued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with distant homage views ;
Content if thou, celestial Muse,
Didst rule my natal hour.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat,
Stands far remote the bard ;
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his award.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave universal sway :
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer shall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow ;
When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
And Russel move the patriot's breast
No more than Brutus now ;

Yet when shall Shakspeare's powerful art
O'er every passion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne :
Tyrants shall bow before his laws ;
And Freedom's, Glory's, Virtue's, cause,
Their dread assertor own.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muse's sober seat;
Where, dealing frugal gifts around
To all the favourites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame
For passive, persevering toils;
And lest, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless
flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain-zephyr blew:
The marshy levels lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:
The Naiads, with obscene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;
While round them chant the croaking choir,
And haply sooth some lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt some restive bard and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of Love:
She render'd all his boasted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in spite remove.
Ye too, the slow-eyed fathers of the land,
With whom dominion steals from hand to hand
Unown'd, undignified by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne
He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II. 1.

O my loved England, when with thee
Shall I sit down to part no more?
Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
When shall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain snows; till down their side
I trace the village and the sacred spire,
While bowers and copses green the golden slope
divide?

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
Ye blue-eyed sisters of the streams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade,
And sooth my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:
Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
O Phœbus, guardian of the' Aonian choir,
Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round the' Olympian father's throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
Elate with whose majestic call
Above degenerate Latium's praise,
Above the slavish boast of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton Sloth's ignoble charms,
The honours of a poet's name
To Somers' counsels, or to Hampden's arms,
Thee, Freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine
flame.

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion ! Thee
Heroic Valour still attends,
And useful Science pleased to see
How Art her studious toil extends.
While Truth, diffusing from on high
A lustre unconfined as day,
Fills and commands the public eye ;
Till, pierced and sinking by her powerful ray,
Tame Faith and monkish Awe, like nightly de-
mons, fly.

. III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares:
Hence dread Religion dwells with social Joy ;
And holy passions and unsullied cares,
In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
O fair Britannia, hail !—With partial love
The tribes of men their native seats approve,
Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame :
But when for generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applause,
There public zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

TO CURIO¹.

1744.

THRICE hath the spring beheld thy faded fame
 Since I exulting grasp'd the tuneful shell :
 Eager through endless years to sound thy name,
 Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.
 How hast thou stain'd the splendour of my
 choice ! [voice,

Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy
 Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown ?
 What can I now of thee to Time report,
 Save thy fond country made thy impious sport,
 Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own ?

There are with eyes unmoved and reckless heart
 Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low ;
 Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
 The public vengeance on thy private foe.
 But, spite of every gloss of envious minds,
 The owl-eyed race whom Virtue's lustre blinds,
 Who sagely prove that 'each man hath his price',
 I still believed thy aim from blemish free ;
 I yet, e'en yet, believe it, spite of thee
 And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice.

' Thou didst not dream of Liberty decay'd,
 Nor wish to make her guardian laws more strong :
 But the rash many, first by thee misled,
 Bore thee at length unwillingly along.'
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye cursed of old
 For faith deserted, or for cities sold,

¹ William Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

² The reputed political axiom of Sir Robert Walpole.

Own here one untried, unexampled deed ;
One mystery of shame from Curio learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn, [meed.
And scape in Guilt's disguise from Virtue's offer'd

For saw we not that dangerous power avow'd
Whom Freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
Whom public Wisdom ever strove to' exclude,
And but with blushes suffereth in her train ?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching spoils,
O'er court, o'er senate, spread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herself the state's directing soul :
Till Curio, like a good magician, tried,
With Eloquence and Reason at his side,
By strength of holier spells the' enchantress to
control.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends :
The rescued merchant oft thy words resounds :
Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends :
His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns :
The learn'd recluse, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit scan :
While he, whom virtue in his bless'd retreat
Bade social ease and public passions meet,
Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd ;
We saw thy spirit through the senate reign ;
And Freedom's friends thy instant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain,
Waked in the strife the public Genius rose
More keen, more ardent from his long repose :

Deep through her bounds the city felt his call :
 Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his
 power,
 And murmuring challenged the deciding hour
 Of that too vast event, the hope and dread of all.

O ye good powers who look on humankind,
 Instruct the mighty moments as they roll ;
 And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind,
 And steer his passions steady to the goal.
 O Alfred ! father of the English name ;
 O valiant Edward ! first in civil fame ;
 O William ! height of public virtue pure ;
 Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
 Behold the sum of all your labours nigh,
 Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule
 secure.

'Twas then—O shame ! O soul from faith es-
 tranged !
 O Albion ! oft to flattering vows a prey :
 'Twas then—Thy thought what sudden frenzy
 changed ?
 What rushing palsy took thy strength away ?
 Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved ?
 The man so great, so honour'd, so beloved ?
 Whom the dead envied, and the living bless'd ?
 This patient slave by tinsel bonds allured ?
 This wretched suitor for a boon abjured ?
 Whom those that fear'd him scorn ; that trusted
 him, detest ?

O lost alike to action and repose !
 With all that habit of familiar fame,
 Sold to the mockery of relentless foes,
 And doom'd to' exhaust the dregs of life in shame,

To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deserter's dull exploded part,
To slight the favour thou canst hope no more,
Renounce the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightness on thy country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign
shore.

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,
By courtly passions try the public cause;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manliest passions moved,
The labours which to virtue stand approved,
Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey;
Yet, where Injustice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

These thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell
Couch'd in thy bosom's deep tempestuous gloom,
Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell:
Before her rites thy sickening reason flew,
Divine Persuasion from thy tongue withdrew,
While Laughter mock'd, or Pity stole a sigh:
Can Wit her tender movements rightly frame,
Where the prime function of the soul is lame?
Can Fancy's feeble springs the force of Truth
supply?

But come; 'tis time; strong Destiny impends
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd:
With princes fill'd the solemn fane ascends,
By Infamy the mindful demon sway'd.

There vengeful vows for guardian laws effaced,
 From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waste,
 For ever through the spacious courts resound :
 There long posterity's united groan,
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
 Assail the giant chiefs, and press them to the
 ground.

In sight old Time, imperious judge, awaits :
 Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just ;
 He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
 The great, the sage, the happy, and august.
 And still he asks them of the hidden plan
 Whence every treaty, every war, began.
 Evolves their secrets and their guilt proclaims :
 And still his hands despoil them on the road
 Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestow'd,
 And crush their trophies huge, and raze their
 sculptured names.

Ye mighty shades, arise, give place, attend :
 Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks : [bend,
 —Low doth proud Wentworth to the stranger
 And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks :—
 'He comes, whom Fate with surer arts prepared
 To' accomplish all which we but vainly dared ;
 Whom o'er the stubborn herd she taught to reign :
 Who sooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging
 E'en to its last irrevocable hour ; [power
 Then baffled their rude strength, and broke them
 to the chain.'

But ye, whom yet wise Liberty inspires,
 Whom for her champions o'er the world she
 claims,
 (That household godhead whom of old your sires
 Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames)

Drive ye this hostile omen far away ;
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay ;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be hers
alone ;
Still gird your swords to combat on her side ;
Still frame your laws her generous test to' abide ;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

Protect her from yourselves ; ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath spread that selfish fierceness through your
blood,
Which not her lightest discipline endures ;
Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause :
Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws :
A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
O sons of Alfred ! were for you assign'd :
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no sublimer lot will Fate reserve for man.

TO THE MUSE.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid ?
Ah, why hast thou withdrawn thy aid ?
Ah, why forsaken thus my breast
With inauspicious damps oppress'd ?
Where is the dread prophetic heat
With which my bosom wont to beat ?
Where all the bright mysterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
That woo'd my genius to divinest themes ?

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
Or young Olympia's form adored ;

Say, can the pomp of promised fame
 Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
 Or have melodious airs the power
 To give one free, poetic hour?
 Or, from amid the' Elysian train,
 The soul of Milton shall I gain,
 To win thee back with some celestial strain?

O powerful strain! O sacred soul!
 His numbers every sense control:
 And now again my bosom burns;
 The Muse, the Muse herself returns.
 Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
 I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
 When first she seal'd me for her own,
 Made all her blissful treasures known,
 And bade me swear to follow Her alone.

ON LOVE.

To a friend.

No, foolish youth,—To virtuous fame
 If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
 If true Ambition's nobler flame
 Command thy footsteps from the crowd,
 Lean not to Love's enchanting snare;
 His songs, his words, his looks beware,
 Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
 The wreath of just renown is worn;
 Nor will Ambition's awful spoils
 The flowery pomp of ease adorn:

But Love unbends the force of thought ;
By Love unmanly fears are taught ;
And Love's reward with gaudy Sloth is bought.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of Beauty's praise
In Wisdom's lofty language dress'd ;
Of Beauty powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And sooth and polish man's ungente heart.

If then, from Love's deceit secure,
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
Go ; see the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk descend :
Go, while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene,
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire commands :
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung,
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine ;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

Yet conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away ;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway.
But thou, my friend,—I hear thy sighs :
Alas ! I read thy downcast eyes ;
And thy tongue falters ; and thy colour flies.

So soon again to meet the fair ?
So pensive all this absent hour ?
O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion veils its inward shame ;
Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame !

Once, I remember, new to Love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I sought a gentle maid, to prove
What peaceful joys in friendship reign :
Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
And pitying view the lovesick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd ;
While I exulted to survey
One generous woman's real mind :
Till Friendship soon my languid breast
Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distress'd.

Fool that I was.—And now, e'en now
While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
Unless I shun Olympia's view,
An hour unsays it all again.
O friend!—when Love directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise ?

TO

SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BT.

BEHOLD; the Balance in the sky
Swift on the wintry scale inclines;
To earthly caves the dryads fly,
And the bare pastures Pan resigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread,
With recent soil, the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which Autumn knows:
He whets the rusty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harvest throws.

Now, London's busy confines round,
By Kensington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough descent profound,
Essexian heaths, or Kentish bowers,
Where'er I pass, I see approach
Some rural statesman's eager coach,
Hurried by senatorial cares:
While rural nymphs (alike, within,
Aspiring courtly praise to win)
Debate their dress, reform their airs.

Say, what can now the country boast,
O Drake, thy footsteps to detain,
When peevish winds and gloomy frost
The sunshine of the temper stain?
Say, are the priests of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Nassau
Each bold Wessexian squire and knight?

I doubt it much; and guess at least
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that sacred feast
Thou better mayst observe with me.
With me the sulphurous treason old
A far inferior part shall hold
In that glad day's triumphal strain;
And generous William be revered,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James, or his ignoble reign.

Then, while the Gascon's fragrant wine
With modest cups our joy supplies,
We'll truly thank the Power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot rise;
Rise from heroic ease (the spoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
From Belgium to her saviour son),
Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injured weal,
Her laws defaced, her shrines o'erthrown.

He came. The tyrant from our shore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled;
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific rage and vassal dread.
There sunk the mouldering gothic reign:
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my friend, let blessings crown:
Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou hast that thou art free.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore should we part
The public and the private weal?)

In vows to her who sways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the soft ornaments that speak
So eloquent in Daphne's smile ;
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

For so it is :—thy stubborn breast,
Though touch'd by many a slighter wound,
Hath no full conquest yet confess'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found.
While I, a true and loyal swain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying seasons own.
Her genius still my bosom warms :
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
And taste the' inspiring fount again :
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful strain—
And lo, with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat ;
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, listening round
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
 His silver tresses breathe perfume;
 His cheek displays a second spring
 Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.
 Away, deceitful cares, away,
 And let me listen to his lay!
 Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
 While in smooth dance the light-wing'd hours
 Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
 Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse and a threatening hand
 The Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords:
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye cursed of gods and free-born men,
 Ye murderers of the laws,
 Though now ye glory in your lust,
 Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your
 dreadful cause.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love:
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
 Why is my faithful maid distress'd?
 Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?

² Alcæus.

Say, flies he?—Soon he shall pursue :
 Shuns he thy gifts?—He soon shall give :
 Slights he thy sorrows?—He shall grieve ;
 And soon to all thy wishes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
 Awakes thy golden shell again ?
 What mortal breath shall e'er presume
 To echo that unbounded strain ?
 Majestic in the frown of years,
 Behold, the man of Thebes³ appears :
 For some there are, whose mighty frame
 The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
 With hopes, that mock the gazing crowd ;
 As eagles drink the noontide flame.

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
 And clamours far below.—Propitious Muse,
 While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
 And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
 Wilt thou for Albion's sons around
 (Ne'er hadst thou audience more renown'd)
 Thy charming arts employ ;
 As when the winds from shore to shore [bore,
 Through Greece thy lyre's persuasive language
 Till towns and isles and seas return'd the vocal joy ?

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleasure's lawless throng
 Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
 Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song,
 Pollute with impious revels dire.

³ Pindar.

O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade
May no foul discord here invade :
Nor let thy strings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
Mid all her social tribes may hear,
And Heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The fairest flowers of Pindus glow ;
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy strings adapt their varied strain
To every pleasure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove ;
And straight our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering earth,
Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear :
When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy side,
Let Wisdom's awful suffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay :
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven :
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well earn'd ease resign'd,
I quit the maze where science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, delusive spoils.

But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to Reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When Friendship and when letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my simple board,
Then let thy blameless hand call forth
The music of the Teian chord.
Or if invoked at softer hours,
O! seek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To Beauty link'd with Virtue's train,
To Love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

IV. 3.

But when from Envy and from Death to claim
A hero bleeding from his native land;
When to throw incense on the vestal flame
Of Liberty, my genius gives command;
Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre
From thee, O Muse, do I require;
While my presaging mind,
Conscious of powers she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate submits to be confined.

TO THE
HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND.
FROM THE COUNTRY.

SAY, Townshend, what can London boast
To pay thee for the pleasures lost,
The health to-day resign'd;
When Spring from this her favourite seat
Bade Winter hasten his retreat,
And met the western wind?

Oh knew'st thou how the balmy air,
The sun, the azure heavens, prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noisy courts engage;
In vain would lying Faction's rage
Thy sacred leisure claim.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admired;
Till, with the studious volume tired,
I sought the open day;
'And sure (I cried) the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy lay.'

But ah, in vain my restless feet
Traced every silent shady seat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Woodnymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

Whether to nurse some infant oak
They turn the slowly tinkling brook,

And catch the pearly showers,
Or brush the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noontide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

Such rites, which they with Spring renew,
The eyes of Care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence, offended with their guest,
Since grief of love my soul oppress'd,
They hide their toils divine.

But soon shall thy enlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inspire:
Then will the silvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And listen to my lyre.

Beneath yon dryad's lonely shade
A rustic altar shall be paid,
Of turf with laurel framed:
And thou the' inscription wilt approve;—
' This for the peace which, lost by Love,
By Friendship was reclaim'd.'

TO THE EVENING STAR.

TO-NIGHT retired, the queen of heaven
With young Endymion stays:
And now to Hesper is it given
A while to rule the vacant sky,
Till she shall to her lamp supply
A stream of brighter rays.

O Hesper! while the starry throng
With awe thy path surrounds,
Oh, listen to my suppliant song,
If haply now the vocal sphere
Can suffer thy delighted ear
To stoop to mortal sounds.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain
Thee still invoke to shine:
So may the bride's unmarried train
To Hymen chant their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With lustre pure as thine.

Far other vows must I prefer
To thy indulgent power.
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in quest I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
Thou purest light above:
Let no false flame seduce to stray
Where gulf or steep lie hid for harm:
But lead where Music's healing charm
May sooth afflicted love.

To them, by many a grateful song
In happier seasons vow'd,
These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copses stood.

Nor seldom, where the beechen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We came while her enchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held :
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the solemn shade.

But hark ; I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moss o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

See the green space : on either hand
Enlarged it spreads around :
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead,
Enclosed in woods profound.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays :
How sweetly down the void they float !
The breeze their magic path attends :
The stars shine out : the forest bends :
The wakeful heifers gaze.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive syren sing ;
Oh, softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of Heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot,

Oh, think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise :
What ruin waits on kingly rage :
How often virtue dwells with woe :
How many griefs from knowledge flow :
How swiftly pleasure flies.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity Nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

With sordid floods the wintry Urn '
Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level green :
Her naked hill the dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic scene.
No longer there thy raptured eye
The beauteous forms of earth or sky
Surveys as in their Author's mind :
And London shelters from the year
Those whom thy social hours to share
The Attic Muse design'd.

From Hampstead's airy summit, me
Her guest the city shall behold,
What day the people's stern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,

¹ Aquarius.

When common men (the dread of Fame)
Adjudged as one of evil name,
Before the sun, the' anointed head.
Then seek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful shade.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The sacred martyr of the day,
By fast and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this on humble faith I rest
That still our advocate, the priest,
From heavenly wrath will save the land :
Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent sounds restrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

No, Hardinge : peace to church and state !
That evening, let the Muse give law :
While I anew the theme relate
Which my first youth enamour'd saw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to pursue in Virgil's lay :
Till hope ascends to loftiest things,
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar sway.

O versed in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And English fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chastise :

While hand in hand, at Wisdom's shrine,
 Beauty with Truth I strive to join,
 And grave assent with glad applause;
 To paint the story of the soul,
 And Plato's visions to control
 By Verulamian² laws.



ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

1747.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
 Is it an offence to own
 That our bosoms e'er incline
 Toward immortal Glory's throne?
 For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
 Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
 So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
 So conciliate Reason's choice,
 As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
 Be the passport to thy heaven,
 Follow thou those gloomy ways;
 No such law to me was given,
 Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
 Faring like my friends before me;
 Nor an holier place desire
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
 And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

² Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, author of the *Novum Organum*.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

FRANCIS, EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

1747.

I. 1.

THE wise and great of every clime,
Through all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her power display'd
With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
For taught of Heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart:
They best the soul with glory fire;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds, inspire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage enthrone the fixed
heart.

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
The vengeful bosom to disarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,
An equal empire claim?
No, Hastings!—Thou my words wilt own:
Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known;
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,
And the bless'd function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour; to assert
From all that scorned Vice or slavish Fear hath
sung.

Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings,
 Warbling at will in Pleasure's myrtle bower;
 Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings
 By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,
 Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.

A different strain,

And other themes

From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
 (Thou well canst witness) meet the purged ear:
 Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
 Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear;
 To hear the sweet instructress tell
 (While men and heroes throng'd around)
 How life its noblest use may find,
 How well for freedom be resign'd;
 And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd,

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's strain
 To many a kind domestic train,
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
 Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul:
 When, every hospitable rite
 With equal bounty to requite,
 He struck his magic strings;
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
 And seized their ears with tales of ancient worth,
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic
 things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,

Oft near him with applauding hands,
 The genius of his country stands.
 To listening gods he makes him known,
 That man divine, by whom were sown
 The seeds of Grecian fame :
 Who first the race with freedom fired ;
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspired ;
 From whom Plataean palms and Cyprian trophies
 came ³.

³ Lycurgus, the Lacedemonian lawgiver, brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's works. At Plataea was fought the decisive battle between the Persian army and the united militia of Greece, under Pausanias and Aristides. Cimon, the Athenian, erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preserved the inscription which the Athenians affixed to the consecrated spoils, after this great success ; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions. It is this :

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ'. ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ.
 ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
 ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ. ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
 ΟΥΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΩΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ'.
 ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
 ΕΥΤΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΝ. ΑΜΑ
 ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ.
 ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
 ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.
 ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΛΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ.
 ΑΣΙΣ. ΤΗ'. ΑΤΤΩΝ.
 ΠΛΗΓΕΙΣ'. ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ.
 ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following translation is almost literal :

Since first the sea from Asia's hostile coast
 Divided Europe, and the god of War
 Assail'd imperious cities ; never yet,

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age !
 When Aristides ruled, and Cimon fought;
 When all the generous fruits of Homer's page,
 Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought⁴,

At once among the waves and on the shore,
 Hath such a labour been achieved by men
 Who earth inhabit. They, whose arms the Medes
 In Cyprus felt pernicious ; they, the same,
 Have won from skilful Tyre an hundred ships
 Crowded with warriors. Asia groans, in both
 Her hands sore smitten, by the might of war.

⁴ Pindar was contemporary with Aristides and Cimon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common interest of his country ; though his fellow citizens, the Thebans, had sold themselves to the Persian king. In one of his odes he expresses the great distress and anxiety of his mind, occasioned by the vast preparations of Xerxes against Greece. (*Isthm.* 8.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Platæa, and Himera. (*Pyth.* 1.) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. First then, he was thought to be so great a favourite of Apollo, that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings. It was said of him, as of some other illustrious men, that at his birth a swarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was also a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and seen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real historical fact in his life is, that the Thebans imposed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroic spirit, shown by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow citizens had shamefully betrayed. And, as the argument of this ode implies, that, 'great poetical talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other ;' so Pindar is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connexion which occurs in history. The Thebans were remarkable, in general, for a slavish disposition through all the fortunes of their commonwealth ; at the time of its ruin by Philip ; and even

O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me :
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine :
 Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee ;
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
 Pan danced their measures with the silvan
 But that thy song [throng :
 Was proud to' unfold
 What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;
 Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
 But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
 The Muse's law didst rightly know ;
 That who would animate his lays,
 And other minds to virtue raise,
 Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approved of later times,
 Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's' crimes !
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
 And lent the' imperial ruffian aid ?
 Alas ! not one polluted bard,
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,
 Or Tibur's hills replied,
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire ;
 Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
 With Freedom's ancient notes their shameful task
 they hide.

in its best state, under the administration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas ; and every one knows, they were no less remarkable for great dulness, and want of all genius. That Pindar should have equally distinguished himself from the rest of his fellow citizens in both these respects, seems somewhat extraordinary, and is scarce to be accounted for but by the preceding observation.

⁵ Octavianus Cæsar.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands :
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great !
Then turn, and, while each western clime
Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name ;
And add, ' Thus differs from the throng
The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's
fame.'

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric Zeal
His memory with unholy rage pursues ;
While from these arduous cares of public wea
She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his
Muse.
O fool ! to think the man, whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey,
Must join the noblest forms of every kind
The world's most perfect image to display,
Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
Unmoved or cold !
O fool ! to deem
That he, whose thought must visit every theme,
Whose heart must every strong emotion know,
Inspired by Nature, or by Fortune taught ;
That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science fraught,

Shall spurn at Freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence⁶ will shun,
Or hide their glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile Ambition's aim;
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reserved for angry Heaven and scorn'd of honest
Fame?

IV. 2.

But here, where Freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares;
Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,
Bid public praise farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

⁶ Alluding to his 'Defence of the People of England' against Salmasius. See particularly the manner in which he himself speaks of that undertaking, in the introduction to his reply to Morus.

IV. 3.

O Hastings, not to all
Can ruling Heaven the same endowments lend :
Yet still doth Nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers
they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone
They win the suffrage of impartial Fame.
The poet's name
He best shall prove,
Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy sires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand ;
Sublimer than thy sires could trace,
Or thy own Edward⁷ teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
They led the rustic youth to arms ;
And kings their stern achievements fear'd :
While private strife their banners rear'd.
But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
Where empire's wide-establish'd throne

⁷ Edward the Third ; from whom descended Henry Hastings, third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward the Fourth.

No private master fills :
 Where, long foretold, the people reigns :
 Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains ;
 And judgeth what he sees ; and, as he judgeth,
 wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
 The swelling democratic tide ;
 To watch the state's uncertain frame,
 And baffle Faction's partial aim :
 But chiefly, with determined zeal,
 To quell that servile band, who kneel
 To Freedom's banish'd foes ;
 That monster, which is daily found
 Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound ;
 Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel
 knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest Heaven's command,
 That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue ;
 That what ensnares the heart should maim the
 hand,
 And Virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.
 But look on Freedom :—see, through every age,
 What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd !
 What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,
 Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !
 For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
 Of happy swains,
 Which now resound [bound,
 Where Scarsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures
 Bear witness. There, oft let the farmer hail
 The sacred orchard which embowers his gate,

And show to strangers passing down the vale,
 Where Ca'ndish, Booth, and Osborne sat*,
 When bursting from their country's chain,
 E'en in the midst of deadly harms,
 Of papal snares and lawless arms,
 They plann'd for Freedom this her noblest reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
 Could fear have silenced Freedom's claim.
 But fear in vain attempts to bind
 Those lofty efforts of the mind
 Which social good inspires;
 Where men, for this, assault a throne,
 Each adds the common welfare to his own;
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all
 acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
 Our fields in civil blood imbrued?
 When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
 And half the' astonish'd isle was lost?
 Did one of all that vaunting train,
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
 Durst one in arms appear?
 Durst one in counsels pledge his life?
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife?
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to
 cheer?

* At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarsdale, in Derbyshire, the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farmhouse, and the country people distinguish the room where they sat, by the name of 'the plotting parlour.'

VI. 3.

Yet, Hastings, these are they
Who challenge to themselves thy country's love;
The true; the constant: who alone can weigh,
What Glory should demand, or Liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free
powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
Oft nobly sways
Ingenuous youth:
But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that sublime award!
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the historian and the bard
Dispose of honour and of scorn;
Discern the patriot from the slave;
And write the good, the wise, the brave,
For lessons to the multitude unborn.

ODES.

BOOK II.

THE

REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKSPEARE:

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,
WHILE THE FRENCH COMEDIANS WERE ACTING BY SUB-
SCRIPTION.

1749.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakspeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo, from the blissful bowers where Heaven rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embraced,
And whither tends your elegance of taste;
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.

What, though the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measured walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or though the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I survey'd, and fearless drew.

And say, ye skilful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a poet's noblest part,
What age, what clime could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I saw this England break the shameful bands
Forged for the souls of men by sacred hands :
I saw each groaning realm her aid implore ;
Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore :
Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
Then too, great Commerce, for a late found world,
Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd :
New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fired ;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspired ;
Thence every scene, which private fortune knows,
In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose.

Disgraced I this full prospect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?
Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
Confess'd the living draught of men and things?
What other bard in any clime appears
Alike the master of your smiles and tears?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various scenes a purpose known
Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?

Such from the first was my dramatic plan ;
It should be yours to crown what I began :
And now that England spurns her gothic chain,
And equal laws and social science reign,
I thought, ' Now surely shall my zealous eyes
View nobler bards and juster critics rise,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,

Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,
 And form her tongue to more attractive speech,
 Till rival nations listen at her feet,
 And own her polish'd as they own'd her great.'

But do you thus my favourite hopes fulfil?
 Is France at last the standard of your skill?
 Alas, for you! that so betray a mind
 Of art unconscious and to beauty blind.
 Say; does her language your ambition raise,
 Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,
 Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,
 And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?
 Say; does your humble admiration choose
 The gentle prattle of her Comic Muse,
 While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
 Charged to say nought but what the king may hear?
 Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts
 Won by her tragic scene's romantic arts,
 Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
 And heroes never, but for love, expire?

No. Though the charms of novelty, a while,
 Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,
 Yet not for you design'd indulgent Fate
 The modes or manners of the Bourbon state.
 And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
 And many an augury my hope misleads,
 If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
 To their light courtship would an audience deign,
 Or those chaste matrons a Parisian wife
 Choose for the model of domestic life;
 Or if one youth of all that generous band,
 The strength and splendour of their native land,
 Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
 And quit old Freedom's patrimonial claim,

With lying smiles Oppression's pomp to see,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.

O bless'd at home with justly envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cause,
Whom Heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour
To check the inroads of barbaric power,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the social world from bonds and shame :
Oh, let not Luxury's fantastic charms
Thus give the lie to your heroic arms :
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Dishonest lessons from that vaunting race,
Whom Fate's dread laws (for, in eternal Fate
Despotic Rule was heir to Freedom's hate),
Whom in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counsel, and in pleasing art,
The judge of earth predestined for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppose.

TO SLEEP.

THOU silent power, whose welcome sway
Charms every anxious thought away ;
In whose divine oblivion drown'd, -
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguiled,
And Grief forgets her fondly cherish'd wound ;
Oh, whither hast thou flown, indulgent god ?
God of kind shadows and of healing dews,
Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod ?
Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse ?

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main :

The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
 With all that crop the verdant food,
 With all that skim the crystal flood,
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers ;
 No wakeful sound the moonlight valley knows,
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound re-
 [pose.

Oh, let not me alone complain,
 Alone invoke thy power in vain !
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes ;
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,
 Not from the courtly statesman's down,
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies :
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's
 Nor those the hireling soldier loves to see, [rest,
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast:
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from
 [me !

Nor yet those awful forms present,
 For chiefs and heroes only meant :
 The figured brass, the choral song,
 The rescued people's glad applause,
 The listening senate, and the laws
 Fix'd by the counsels of Timoleon's¹ tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways ;
 And though they shine in youth's ingenuous
 The sober gainful arts of modern days [view,
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

¹ After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. *Plutarch*.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
To banish Love's presentments fair :
No rosy cheek nor radiant eye
Can arm him with such strong command,
That the young sorcerer's fatal hand
Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
(A lighter phantom, and a baser chain),
Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill according
strain.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable visions bring,
As sooth'd great Milton's injured age,
When in prophetic dreams he saw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page :
Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treasures, by his art ex-
plored,
Have saved the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling sire his age's hope restored.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O RUSTIC herald of the Spring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Fast by the brook I hear thee sing;
And, studious of thy homely tale,
Amid the vespers of the grove,
Amid the chanting choir of love,
Thy sage responses hail.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade ;
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter poet of the shade ;
Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care
Some constant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

I said, ' While Philomela's song
Proclaims the passion of the grove,
It ill beseems a Cuckoo's tongue
Her charming language to reprove'—
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the sober truth to hear,
The sober truth of love !

When hearts are in each other bless'd,
When nought but lofty Faith can rule
The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
How cuckoolike in Cupid's school,
With store of grave prudential saws
On Fortune's power and Custom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool !

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom Love and Hope and Fancy sway,
Who every harsher care disdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that, in April's fairest hours,
To warbling shades and painted flowers
The Cuckoo joins his lay.

TO THE
HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND,
IN THE COUNTRY.

1750.

I. 1.

How oft shall I survey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood shade,
The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee
When will thy cheerful mind [stray?
Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
Or, tell me, dost thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leisure which thou hadst resign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful sport the soul could
Ere one ambitious care [share,
Of civil life had awed her simpler powers;
Oft as your winged train
Revisit here my friend in white array,
Oh fail not to display
Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,
That so his generous heart
The' abode of even friendship may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
I saw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet ascending to another home
Where public praise and envied greatness dwell.
But shall we therefore, O my lyre,
Reprove Ambition's best desire?
Extinguish Glory's flame?
Far other was the task enjoin'd,
When to my hand thy strings were first assign'd:
Far other faith belongs to Friendship's honour'd
name.

II. 1.

Thee, Townshend, not the arms
Of slumbering Ease, nor Pleasure's rosy chain,
Were destined to detain:
No, nor bright Science, nor the Muse's charms.
For them high Heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenser's hand
Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears;

II. 2.

Had this been born to shield
The cause which Cromwell's impious hand be-
Or that, like Vere, display'd [tray'd;
His red-cross banner o'er the Belgian field.
Yet where the will divine
Hath shut those loftiest paths; it next remains,
With reason clad in strains
Of harmony, selected minds to' inspire,
And Virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never shall the herd whom Envy sways
So quell my purpose or my tongue control,
That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,
Because its master's friendship moved my soul.
Yet, if this undissembling strain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleasing sound,
Remember thou, that righteous Fame
From hoary Age a strict account will claim
Of each auspicious palm with which thy youth was
crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where Heaven expects thee, nor the traveller
Through flowers or fragrant meads, [leads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.
The' impartial laws of Fate
To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
Is there a man who shares
The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Ask him (for he can tell)
What storms beat round that rough laborious
height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold;
I know your perils hard,
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry seas,
The night estranged from ease,
The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The' indignant heart disdaining the reward

III. 3.

Which Envy hardly grants. But, O Renown!
O praise from judging Heaven and virtuous men!
If thus they purchased thy divinest crown,
Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?
And now they sit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the Sovereign Mind,
'Lo, these, (he saith) lo, these are they
Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
From violence and fear asserted humankind.'

IV. 1.

Thus honour'd while the train
Of legislators in his presence dwell;
If I may aught foretell,
The statesman shall the second palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,
More glittering trophies raise:
But wisest Heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favour and to love?
What, save wide blessings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the' embattled field
Shall these achievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valour, or the songs of conquest, yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naseby's firm array,

To heavier dangers did his breast oppose
Than Pym's free virtue chose,
When the proud force of Strafford he control'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious
mind,
When (blighted all the promise of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,
Let menaced London, tell,
How impious guile made wisdom base;
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;
And how unblest'd he lived, and how dishonour'd
fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muse
Around his tomb Pierian roses flung:
Nor shall one poet's tongue
His name for music's pleasing labour choose.
And sure, when Nature kind
Has deck'd some favour'd breast above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill submitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise
Nothing can seem but virtue; nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize;

There Somers fix'd his name,
 Enrol'd the next to William : there shall Time
 To every wondering clime
 Point out *that* Somers, who from Faction's crowd,
 The slanderous and the loud,
 Could fair assent and modest reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,
 Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land
 Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
 Without his guidance, his superior hand.
 And rightly shall the Muse's care
 Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
 Whose mind's enamour'd aim,
 Could forms of civil beauty draw,
 Sublime as ever sage or poet saw,
 Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near !
 The Muse was never foreign to his breast :
 On Power's grave seat confess'd,
 Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
 And if the blessed know
 Their ancient cares e'en now the' unfading groves,
 Where haply Milton roves
 With Spenser, hear the' enchanted echoes round
 Through furthest heaven resound
 Wise Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
 That letters and the Muses' powerful art
 Exalt the' ingenuous heart,
 And brighten every form of just and true.

They lend a nobler sway
To civil Wisdom than Corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure :
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to sight,
Clothed in the fairest colours of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townshend, thus may Time, the judge severe,
Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell :
And when I speak of one to Freedom dear
For planning wisely and for acting well,
Of one whom Glory loves to own,
Who still by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends pursued ;
Then, for the guerdon of my lay,
' This man, with faithful friendship (will I say),
From youth to honour'd age my arts and me
hath view'd.'

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

Of all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears ;
Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's self appears.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can slight,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praise depends;
To which, of course, its real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect Judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

With which, in character the same,
Though in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that soul of human frame,—
The suffrage of the good and wise.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQ.

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the skylark sings
When first the morn allures its wings,
The epicure his theme pursues:
And tell me if, among the choir
Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
So full, so free, so rich a strain
E'er dictated the warbling Muse?

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear,
Admires the well dissembled art
That can such harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While wit from affectation clear,
Bright images, and passions true,
Recall to thy assenting view
The envied bards of nobler times;

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
This priest of Pleasure, who aspires
To lead us to her sacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her shrine?
Say (her sweet influence to thy song
So may the goddess still afford)
Doth she consent to be adored
With shameless love and frantic wine?

Nor Cato nor Chrysippus here
Need we in high indignant phrase
From their Elysian quiet raise;
But Pleasure's oracle alone
Consult; attentive, not severe.
O Pleasure, we blaspheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

We own had Fate to man assign'd
Nor sense nor wish but what obey
Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Most aptly govern humankind:
Unless perchance what he hath sung
Of tortured joints and nerves unstrung,
Some wrangling heretic should plead.

TO THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. 77

But now with all these proud desires
For dauntless truth and honest fame;
With that strong master of our frame,
The' inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye rosy smiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

TO THE RIGHT REV.

BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

1754.

I. 1.

For toils which patriots have endured,
For treason quell'd, and laws secured,
In every nation Time displays
The palm of honourable praise.
Error may rail; and Faction fierce
May strive: but what, alas! can those
Though bold, yet blind and sordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppose,
The faithful story and persuasive verse?

I. 2.

O nurse of Freedom, Albion, say,
Thou tamer of despotic sway,
What man, among thy sons around,
Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Hast thou with purer joy survey'd
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through imposture's solemn shade,
Through kingly and through sacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher bless'd,
 Who sent religion, from the palmy field
 By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
 And lifted up the veil which Heaven from earth
 conceal'd,
 To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd:—
 ' Go thou, and rescue my dishonour'd law
 From hands rapacious and from tongues impure :
 Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
 Fell Persecution's mortal snares to aid :
 Let not my words be impious chains to draw
 The free-born soul in more than brutal awe,
 To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid.'

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
 Was arm'd by Heaven with this command.
 The world soon felt it: and, on high,
 To William's car with welcome joy
 Did Locke² among the bless'd unfold
 The rising hope of Hoadly's name,
 Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
 And Somers, when from earth he came,
 And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around
 (Sires of the Grecian name renown'd),

² Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty: Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by those in power: Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the nonjuring clergy against the protestant establishment; and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation.

And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
 What private force could thus subdue
 The vulgar and the great combined ;
 Could war with sacred Folly wage ;
 Could a whole nation disengage
 From the dread bonds of many an age,
 And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
 Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
 Were his : but truth by faithful search explored,
 And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
 Wherever it took root, the soul (restored
 To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
 Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
 Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine
 Could longer guard from Reason's warfare sage ;
 Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
 Nor synods by the papal genius taught,
 Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where shall recompense be found ?
 Or how such arduous merit crown'd ?
 For look on life's laborious scene :
 What rugged spaces lie between
 Adventurous Virtue's early toils
 And her triumphal throne ! The shade
 Of death, meantime, does oft invade
 Her progress ; nor, to us display'd,
 Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power :
 —O Hoadly, if that favourite hour

On earth arrive ; with thankful awe
We own just Heaven's indulgent law,
And proudly thy success behold ;
We' attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praise,
And hail thee in our public ways
Like some great spirit famed in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
Who rescued or preserved the rights of humankind,
O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name :
O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or Pleasure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile ;
Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
Which thou hast kept entire from force and fac-
tious guile,

If rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to please,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excel ?

Behold that bright unsullied smile,
And wisdom speaking in her mien :
Yet (she so artless all the while,
So little studious to be seen),

We nought but instant gladness know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

But neither music, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolic cheer,
Add half that sunshine to the hours;
Or make life's prospect half so clear,
As memory brings it to the eye
From scenes where Amoret was by.

Yet not a satirist could there
Or fault or indiscretion find;
Nor any prouder sage declare
One virtue, pictured in his mind,
Whose form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanour shows.

This sure is beauty's happiest part :
This gives the most unbounded sway :
This shall enchant the subject heart
When rose and lily fade away ;
And she be still, in spite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

AT STUDY.

WHITHER did my fancy stray ?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my studious theme ?
From this philosophic page,
From the problems of the sage,
Wandering through a pleasing dream ?

'Tis in vain, alas ! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
 Would to learned Wisdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour :
Nature bids a softer power
 Claim some minutes for his own.

Let the busy or the wise
View him with contemptuous eyes ;
 Love is native to the heart :
Guide its wishes as you will ;
Without love you'll find it still
 Void in one essential part.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care ;
 Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame,
 And the old heroic lyre ;

Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leisure known,
 Or in social duty spent ;
Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest ;
 Languishes for true content.

TO
THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.
 ON THE LATE EDITION OF POPE'S WORKS.
 1751.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain
 The license of a railer's tongue
 Is what but seldom men obtain
 By sense or wit, by prose or song :
 A task for more Herculean powers,
 Nor suited to the sacred hours
 Of leisure in the Muse's bowers.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
 The Muse, the blameless queen, resides :
 Fair Fame attends, and Wisdom calm
 Her eloquence harmonious guides :
 While, shut for ever from her gate,
 Oft trying, still repining, wait
 Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

Who then from her delightful bounds
 Would step one moment forth to heed
 What impotent and savage sounds
 From their unhappy mouths proceed ?
 No: rather Spenser's lyre again
 Prepare, and let thy pious strain
 For Pope's dishonour'd shade complain.

Tell how displeased was every bard,
 When lately in the' Elysian grove
 They of his Muse's guardian heard,
 His delegate to fame above ;

And what with one accord they said
Of wit in drooping age misled,
And Warburton's officious aid²:

How Virgil mourn'd the sordid fate
To that melodious lyre assign'd,
Beneath a tutor who so late
With Midas and his rout combined
By spiteful clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting sound,
Though listening realms admired around:

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's satiric line
Did further fuel scarce require
From such a militant divine:
How Milton scorn'd the sophist vain,
Who durst approach his hallow'd strain
With unwash'd hands and lips profane.

Then Shakspeare, debonair and mild,
Brought that strange comment forth to view;
Conceits more deep, he said, and smiled,
Than his own fools or madmen knew;

² During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his Lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen: a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The same kind office thou wouldst pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auspicious name,
From each absurd intruder's claim
To keep inviolate their fame.

TO THE

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

1758.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled?
Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,
Who from the warrior-bow the strong dart sped,
Or with firm hand the rapid poleaxe bore?
Freeman and soldier was their common name.
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charged the foe:
Who taught the steer the wintry plough to' endure,

Now in full councils check'd encroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loitering sons
To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones,
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye lost, ye self-deserted! whose proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your
swords

To slavish ruffians, hired for their command :
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod :
These are the public will, the reason of the land.

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas! the while
Dost thou presume? O inept in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms?
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praise and envy of the nations round,
What care hast thou to guard from Fortune's
Amid the storms of war, how soon may all [sway?
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

No: thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales
Add Industry's wise gifts to Nature's store:
And every port is crowded with thy sails,
And every wave throws treasure on thy shore.
What boots it? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Those gifts, that treasure is no longer thine.
Oh! rather far be poor. Thy gold will shine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy
bane.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
Girt by the azure tide and throned sublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canst see,
With scorn, the fury of each hostile clime
Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields: athwart thy guardian prow

No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand—
 Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind
 Obey thee? Hast thou all thy hopes resign'd
 To the sky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand?

For, oh! may neither fear nor stronger love
 (Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
 Thee, last of many wretched nations, move,
 With mighty armies station'd round the throne
 To trust thy safety. Then, farewell the claims
 Of Freedom! her proud records to the flames
 Then bear, an offering at ambition's shrine;
 Whate'er thy ancient patriots dared demand
 From furious John's or faithless Charles's hand,
 Or what great William seal'd for his adopted line.

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
 If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
 Let them from conquest, and from servile shame,
 In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
 Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultured plains,
 Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,
 Now not unequal to your birth be found:
 The public voice bids arm your rural state,
 Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wait,
 And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth
 around.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
 Detains you from their head, your native post?
 Who most their country's fame and fortune share,
 'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most.
 Each man his task in social life sustains.
 With partial labours, with domestic gains,

Let others dwell : to you indulgent Heaven
By counsel and by arms the public cause
To serve for public love and love's applause,
The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath
given.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
The Fabian sons? the Scipios, matchless line?
Your lot was theirs : the farmer and the swain
Met his loved patron's summons from the plain ;
The legions gather'd ; the bright eagles flew :
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd ;
The conquerors to their household gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine
plough.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be lost among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with scorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming Nature now her sons inspire,
That, like some mystery to few reveal'd,
The skill of arms abash'd and awed they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeless hearts
retire?

O shame to human life; to human laws!
The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell sword without affection draws,
Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant's pay,

This man the lessons of the field can learn ;
 Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
 And every pledge of conquest : while in vain,
 To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
 Are social arms held out to your free hands :
 Too arduous is the lore ; too irksome were the pain :

Meantime by Pleasure's lying tales allured,
 From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray ;
 And deep in London's gloomy haunts immured,
 Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's,
 decay.

O blind of choice, and to yourselves untrue !
 The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields
 renew,

The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend ;
 While he doth riot's orgies haply share,
 Or tempt the gamester's dark destroying snare,
 Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
 That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng ;
 That the rude village inmates now disdain
 Those homely ties which ruled their fathers long.
 Alas, your fathers did by other arts
 Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
 And led in other paths their ductile will ;
 By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
 Won them the ancient manners to revere,
 To prize their country's peace, and Heaven's due
 rites fulfil.

But mark the judgment of experienced Time,
 Tutor of nations. Doth light Discord tear
 A state ? and impotent Sedition's crime ?
 The powers of warlike Prudence dwell not there ;

The powers who to command and to obey,
Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
The rising race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marshal'd field their steps unite,
And in glad splendour bring before their sight
One common cause and one hereditary fame.

Nor yet be awed, nor yet your task disown,
Though war's proud votaries look on severe;
Though secrets, taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profaned by your intruding ear.
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons, tell,
And mock the old simplicity, in vain:
To the time's warfare, simple or refined,
The time itself adapts the warrior's mind;
And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On Glory's field with well train'd armies vied,
Why shall they now renounce that generous
praise?

Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle
hand,

And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd;
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires, nor Mowbray's yeomen
brook'd; [bound.
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch

Such were the laurels which your fathers won;
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntless breast:
—Is there no voice that speaks to every son?
No nobler, holier call, to you address'd?

O! by majestic Freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly Truth's, by manly Reason's, cause,
Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
By Friendship, social Peace, domestic Love,
Rise; arm; your country's living safety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around
her shore.

ON RECOVERING

FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS,

IN THE COUNTRY.

1758.

THY verdant scenes, O Goulder's Hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breast
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
O faithful cure of oft returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound, [play.
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement

How gladly mid the dews of dawn
My weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awaked I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the dryads of the
grove.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of Health I hear,
Welcome as Beauty's to the lover's ear.
' Droop not, nor doubt of my return (she cries),
Here will I, mid the radiant calm of noon,
Meet thee beneath yon chesnut bower,
And lenient on thy bosom pour [skies.'
That indolence divine which lulls the earth and

The goddess promised not in vain;
I found her at my favourite time:
Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
While (half reclined, half slumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew; [day.
Then first, O heavenly Muse, unseen for many a

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden star of love:
I saw her hand in careless measures move;
I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
New colours clothe external things,
And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire.

O Goulder's Hill, by thee restored
Once more to this enliven'd hand,
My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, solemn and severe,
My Dorian harp, shall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And send a less ambitious lay
Of friendship and of love to greet thy master's ear.



*Published in New York by John Sharpe:
 Privately.*



For when within thy shady seat
 First from the sultry town he chose,
 And the tired senate's cares, his wish'd repose,
 Then wast thou mine ; to me a happier home
 For social leisure : where my welcome feet,
 Estranged from all the' entangling ways
 In which the restless vulgar strays,
 Through Nature's simple paths with ancient faith
 might roam.

And while around his silvan scene
 My Dyson led the white-wing'd hours,
 Oft from the' Athenian academic bowers
 Their sages came : oft heard our lingering walk
 The Mantuan music warbling o'er the green ;
 And oft did Tully's reverend shade,
 Though much for liberty afraid,
 With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

But other guests were on their way,
 And reach'd ere long this favour'd grove ;
 E'en the celestial progeny of Jove,
 Bright Venus, with her all subduing son,
 Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
 The best and wisest. As they came,
 Glad Hymen waved his genial flame,
 And sang their happy gifts, and praised their
 spotless throne.

I saw when through yon festive gate
 He led along his chosen maid,
 And to my friend with smiles presenting said ;—
 ' Receive that fairest wealth which Heaven
 assign'd
 To human fortune. Did thy lonely state

One wish, one utmost hope confess ?
 Behold, she comes to' adorn and bless :
 Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy
 mind.'

TO
 THE AUTHOR
 OF

*Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg*⁴,
 1751.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
 And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
 Have seldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chase
 To dwell with books, or court the Muse's charms.
 Yet, to our eyes if haply Time hath brought
 Some genuine transcript of their calmer thought,

⁴ In the year 1751 appeared a very splendid edition, in quarto, of '*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandenburg, à Berlin et à la Haye*;' with a privilege signed Frederic: the same being engraved in imitation of handwriting. In this edition, among other extraordinary passages, are the two following, to which the third stanza of this ode more particularly refers:

' Il se fit une migration (the author is speaking of what happened of the revocation of the edict of Nantes) dont on n'avoit guère vu d'exemples dans l'histoire: un peuple entier sortit du royaume par l'esprit de parti en haine du pape, et pour recevoir sous un autre ciel la communion sous les deux espèces: quatre cens mille âmes s'expatrièrent ainsi et abandonnèrent tous leurs biens pour detonner dans d'autres temples les vieux pseumes de Clement Marot.' p. 163. ' La crainte donna le jour à la crédulité, et l'amour propre intéressa bientôt le ciel au destin des hommes.' p. 242.

There still we own the wise, the great, or good ;
 And Cæsar there and Xenophon are seen,
 As clear in spirit and sublime of mien,
 As on Pharsalian plains, or by the' Assyrian flood.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim ?
 Thy vigils could the student's lamp engage,
 Except for this ? except that future fame
 Might read thy genius in the faithful page ?
 That if hereafter Envy shall presume
 With words irreverent to inscribe thy tomb,
 And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling,
 That hence posterity may try thy reign,
 Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
 And view in native lights the hero and the king.

O evil foresight and pernicious care !
 Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal ?
 Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
 With private honour or with public zeal ?
 Whence then at things divine those darts of
 scorn ? [borne
 Why are the woes, which virtuous men have
 For sacred truth, a prey to laughter given ?
 What fiend, what foe of Nature urged thy arm
 The' Almighty of his sceptre to disarm ?
 To push this earth adrift, and leave it loose from
 Heaven ?

Ye godlike shades of legislators old,
 Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise,
 Ye first of mortals with the bless'd enrol'd,
 Say did not horror in your bosoms rise,
 When thus by impious vanity impell'd
 A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld

Affronting civil Order's holiest bands?
Those bands which ye so labour'd to improve?
Those hopes and fears of justice from above,
Which tamed the savage world to your divine
commands?

THE COMPLAINT.

AWAY! away!
Tempt me no more, insidious Love :
Thy soothing sway
Long did my youthful bosom prove :
At length thy treason is discern'd,
At length some dear-bought caution earn'd :
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

I know, I see
Her merit. Needs it now be shown,
Alas, to me?
How often, to myself unknown,
The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admired! How often said,
What joy to call a heart like hers one's own!

But, flattering god,
O squanderer of content and ease,
In thy abode
Will Care's rude lesson learn to please?
O say, deceiver, hast thou won,
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or placed thy friends above her stern decrees?

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

A fragment.

MEEK honour, female shame,
 O! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,
 From Albion dost thou fly;
 Of Albion's daughters once the favourite fame?
 O Beauty's only friend,
 Who givest her pleasing reverence to inspire;
 Who selfish, bold desire,
 Dost to esteem and dear affection turn;
 Alas, of thee forlorn
 What joy, what praise, what hope, can life pretend?

Behold; our youths in vain
 Concerning nuptial happiness inquire;
 Our maids no more aspire
 The arts of bashful Hymen to attain:
 But with triumphant eyes
 And cheeks impassive, as they move along,
 Ask homage of the throng.
 The lover swears that in a harlot's arms
 Are found the selfsame charms,
 And worthless and deserted lives and dies,

Behold; unblest at home,
 The father of the cheerless household mourns:
 The night in vain returns,
 For Love and glad Content at distance roam;
 While she, in whom his mind
 Seeks refuge from the day's dull task of cares,
 To meet him she prepares,
 Through noise and spleen and all the gamester's art,
 A listless, harass'd heart,
 Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

'Twas thus, along the shore
 Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
 From many a tongue preferr'd,
 Of strife and grief the fond invective lore :
 At which the queen divine
 Indignant, with her adamantine spear
 Like thunder sounding near,
 Smote the red cross upon her silver shield,
 And thus her wrath reveal'd ;
 (I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

* * * * *

SONG.

THE shape alone let others prize,
 The features of the fair ;
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,
 Shall ne'er my wishes win ;
 Give me an animated form
 That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
 Where sense and sweetness move,
 And angel innocence refines
 The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of Beauty's frame,
 Without whose vital aid,
 Unfinish'd all her features seem,
 And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view;
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new.

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage control,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arpsia's face,
And read it perfect there.

THE POET.

A Rhapsody.

Of all the various lots around the ball,
Which Fate to man distributes absolute;
Avert, ye gods! that of the Muse's son,
Cursed with dire poverty: poor hungry wretch,
What shall he do for life? he cannot work
With manual labour: shall those sacred hands,
That brought the counsels of the gods to light;
Shall that inspired tongue, which every Muse
Has touch'd divine, to charm the sons of men;
These hallow'd organs; these! be prostitute
To the vile service of some fool in power,
All his behests submissive to perform,
Howe'er to him ingrateful? Oh! he scorns
The ignoble thought with generous disdain;

More eligible deeming it to starve,
Like his famed ancestors renown'd in verse,
Than poorly bend to be another's slave,—
Than feed, and fatten in obscurity.
—These are his firm resolves, which fate, nor time,
Nor poverty can shake. Exalted high
In garret vile he lives; with remnants hung
Of tapestry: but oh! precarious state
Of this vain transient world! all powerful time!
What dost thou not subdue? See what a chasm
Gapes wide, tremendous! see where Saul enraged
High on his throne, encompass'd by his guards,
With level'd spear, and arm extended, sits,
Ready to pierce old Jesse's valiant son,
Spoil'd of his nose—around in tottering ranks
On shelves pulverulent, majestic stands
His library; in ragged plight, and old;
Replete with many a load of criticism,
Elaborate products of the midnight toil
Of Belgian brains; snatch'd from the deadly hands
Of murderous grocer, or the careful wight
Who vends the plant that glads the happy shore
In Indian Patomack; which citizens
In balmy fumes exhale, when, o'er a pot
Of sage inspiring coffee, they dispose
Of kings and crowns, and settle Europe's fate.

Elsewhere the dome is fill'd with various heaps
Of old domestic lumber; that huge chair
Has seen six monarchs fill the British throne;
Here a broad massy table stands, o'erspread
With ink and pens, and scroll replete with rhyme:
Chests, stools, old razors, fractured jars half full
Of muddy zythum¹, sour and spiritless:

¹ Beer.

Fragments of verse, hose, sandals, utensils
Of various fashion and of various use,
With friendly influence hide the sable floor.

This is the Bard's Museum, this the fane
To Phœbus sacred, and the' Aonian maids:
But oh! it stabs his heart, that niggard Fate
To him in such small measure should dispense
Her better gifts; to him; whose generous soul
Could relish, with as fine an elegance,
The golden joys of grandeur and of wealth;
He who could tyrannize o'er menial slaves,
Or swell beneath a coronet of state,
Or grace a gilded chariot with a mien
Grand as the haughtiest Timon of them all.—
But 'tis in vain to rave at destiny?
Here he must rest, and brook the best he can,
To live remote from grandeur, learning, wit;
Immured amongst the' ignoble, vulgar herd,
Of lowest intellect; whose stupid souls
But half inform their bodies; brains of lead
And tongues of thunder: whose insensate breasts
Ne'er felt the rapturous soul-entrancing fire
Of the celestial Muse; whose savage ears
Ne'er heard the sacred rules, nor e'en the names,
Of the Venusian Bard or critic sage
Full famed of Stagyra: whose clamorous tongues
Stun the tormented ear with colloquy,
Vociferate, trivial, or impertinent;
Replete with boorish scandal. Yet, alas!
This, this! he must endure; or muse alone,
Pensive and moping o'er the stubborn rhyme,
Or line imperfect.—No! the door is free,
And calls him to evade their deafening clang,
By private ambulation;—'tis resolved:

Off from his waist he throws the tatter'd gown,
Beheld with indignation, and unloads
His pericranium of the weighty cap,
With sweat and grease discolour'd : then explores
The spacious chest, and from its hollow womb
Draws his best robe, yet not from tincture free
Of age's reverend russet, scant and bare ;
Then down his meagre visage waving flows
The shadowy peruke ; crown'd with gummy hat,
Clean brush'd ; a cane supports him. Thus
equipp'd,

He sallies forth ; swift traverses the streets,
And seeks the lonely walk ; ' Hail, silvan scenes !
Ye groves, ye valleys, ye meandering brooks,
Admit me to your joys ; ' in rapturous phrase,
Loud he exclaims ; while with the' inspiring Muse
His bosom labours ; and all other thoughts,
Pleasure and wealth, and poverty itself,
Before her influence vanish. Rapp'd in thought,
Fancy presents before his ravish'd eyes
Distant posterity upon his page [sons,
With transport dwelling ; while bright Learning's
That ages hence must tread this earthly ball,
Indignant seem to curse the thankless age
That starved such merit. Meantime, swallow'd up
In meditation deep, he wanders on,
Unweeting of his way.—But ah ! he starts !
With sudden fright his glaring eyeballs roll,
Pale turn his cheeks, and shake his loosen'd joints ;
His cogitations vanish into air,
Like painted bubbles, or a morning dream :
Behold the cause ! see ! through the opening glade,
With rosy visage, and abdomen grand,
A cit, a dun !—As in Apulia's wilds,

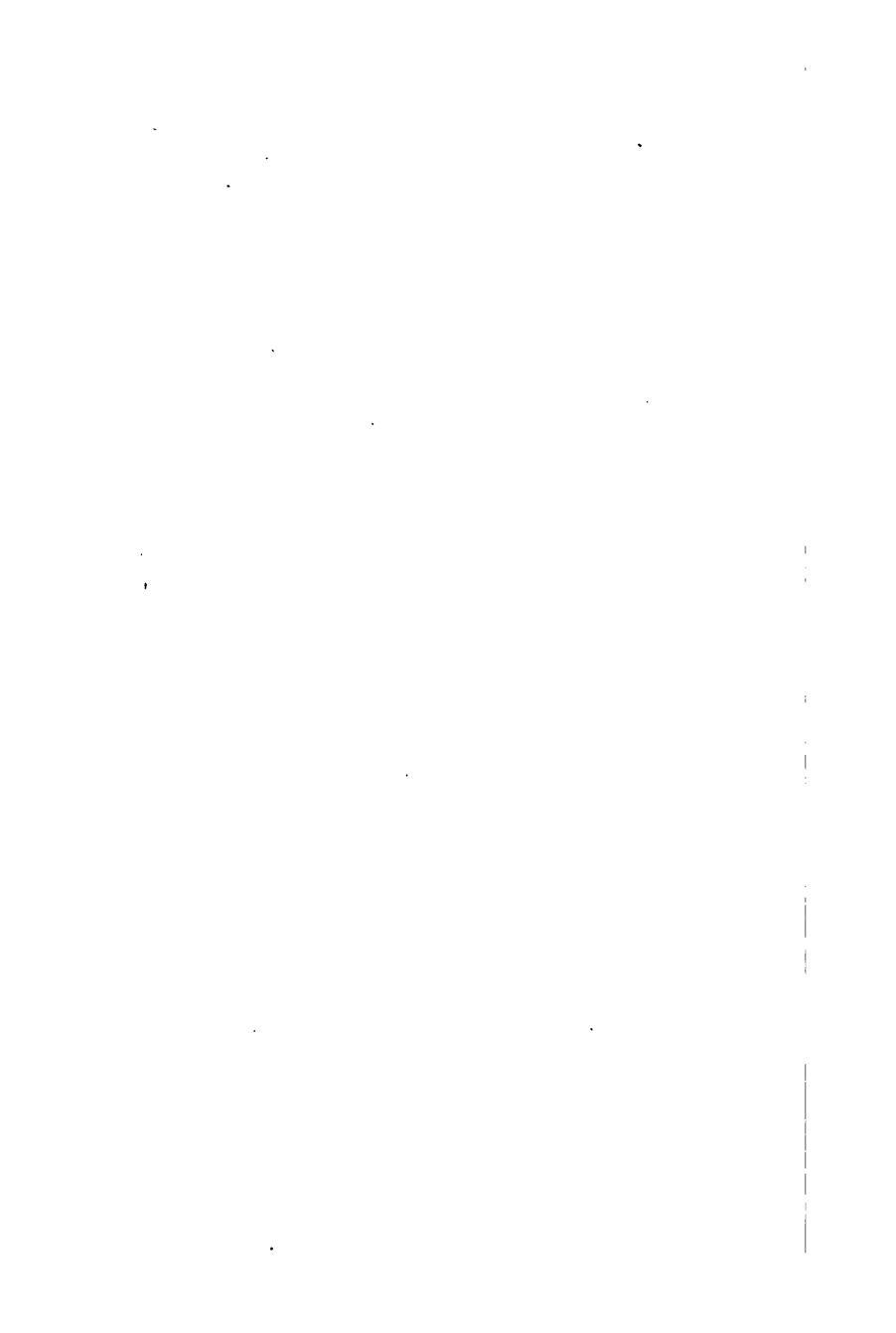
Or where the Thracian Hebrus rolls his wave,
A heedless kid, disportive, roves around,
Unheeding, till upon the hideous cave
Of the dire wolf she treads; half dead, she views
His bloodshot eyeballs, and his dreadful fangs,
And, swift as Eurus, from the monster flies:
So fares the trembling bard; amazed he turns,
Scarce by his legs upborne; yet fear supplies
The place of strength; straight home he bends his
course,

Nor looks behind him till he safe regain
His faithful citadel; there spent, fatigued,
He lays him down to ease his heaving lungs,
Quaking, and of his safety scarce convinced.
Soon as the panic leaves his panting breast,
Down to the Muse's sacred rites he sits,
Volumes piled round him; see! upon his brow
Perplex'd anxiety, and struggling thought,
Painful as female throes: whether the bard
Display the deeds of heroes; or the fall
Of vice in lay dramatic; or expand
Thy lyric wing; or in elegiac strains
Lament the fair; or lash the stubborn age
With laughing satire; or in rural scenes
With shepherds sport; or rack his hard-bound
For the' unexpected turn. Arachne so, [brains
In dusty kitchen corner, from her bowels
Spins the fine web; but spins with better fate
Than the poor bard: she! caitiff! spreads her
And with their aid enjoys luxurious life, [snares,
Bloated with fat of insects, flesh'd in blood:
He! hard, hard lot! for all his toil and care,
And painful watchings, scarce protracts a while
His meagre, hungry days: ungrateful world!

If with his drama he adorn the stage ;
No worth-discerning concourse pays the charge,
Or of the' orchestra, or the' enlightening torch.
He who supports the luxury and pride
Of craving Lais : he ! whose carnage fills
Dogs, eagles, lions ; has not yet enough
Wherewith to satisfy the greedier maw
Of that most ravenous, that devouring beast,
Yclep'd a Poet. What new Halifax,
What Somers, or what Dorset canst thou find,
Thou hungry mortal ? break, wretch, break thy
Blot out the studied image ; to the flames [quill ;
Commit the Stagyrite ; leave this thankless trade ;
Erect some peddling stall with trinkets stock'd,
There earn thy daily halfpence, nor again
Trust the false Muse : so shall the cleanly meal
Repel intruding hunger.—Oh ! 'tis vain,
The friendly admonition's all in vain ;
The scribbling itch has seized him : he is lost
To all advice, and starves for starving's sake.

Thus sung the sportful Muse, in mirthful mood,
Indulging gay the frolic vein of youth ;
But, oh ! ye gods, avert the' impending stroke
This luckless omen threatens ! Hark ! methinks
I hear my better angel cry, ' Retreat,
Rash youth ! in time retreat ! let those poor bards
Who slighted all, all ! for the flattering Muse,
Yet cursed with pining want, as landmarks stand,
To warn thee from the service of the' ingrate.'

THE
POEMS
OF
John Dyer.



THE
LIFE OF JOHN DYER.

BY
DR. JOHNSON.

JOHN DYER, of whom I have no other account to give than his own Letters, published with Hughes's correspondence, and the notes added by the editor, have afforded me, was born in 1700, the second son of Robert Dyer, of Aberglasney, in Caermarthenshire, a solicitor of great capacity and note.

He passed through Westminster school under the care of Dr. Freind, and was then called home to be instructed in his father's profession. But his father died soon, and he took no delight in the study of the law; but having always amused himself with drawing, resolved to turn painter, and became pupil to Mr. Richardson, an artist then of high reputation, but now better known by his books than by his pictures.

Having studied a while under his master, he became, as he tells his friend, an itinerant painter, and wandered about South Wales, and the parts adjacent; but he mingled poetry with painting, and

about 1725 printed 'Grongar Hill' in Lewis's Miscellany.

Being, probably, unsatisfied with his own proficiency, he, like other painters, traveled to Italy; and coming back in 1740, published the 'Ruins of Rome.'

If his poem was written soon after his return, he did not make use of his acquisitions in painting, whatever they might be; for decline of health and love of study determined him to the Church. He therefore entered into orders; and, it seems, married about the same time a lady of the name of Ensor; "whose grandmother (says he) was a Shakspeare, descended from a brother of every body's Shakspeare:" by her, in 1756, he had a son and three daughters living.

His ecclesiastical provision was for a long time but slender. His first patron, Mr. Harper, gave him, in 1741, Calthrop, in Leicestershire, of eighty pounds a year, on which he lived ten years, and then exchanged it for Belchford, in Lincolnshire, of seventy-five. His condition now began to mend. In 1751, Sir John Heathcote gave him Coningsby, of one hundred and forty pounds a year; and in 1755 the Chancellor added Kirkby, of one hundred and ten. He complains that the repair of the house at Coningsby, and other expenses, took away the profit. In 1757 he published 'The Fleece,' his greatest poetical work; of which I will not suppress a ludicrous story. Dodsley, the bookseller, was one day mentioning it to a critical visitor, with more expectation of success than the other could easily admit. In the conversation the author's age was asked; and being represented as advanced in life, "He will (said the critic), be buried in woollen."

He did not indeed long survive that publication, nor long enjoy the increase of his preferments; for in 1758 he died.

Dyer is not a poet of bulk or dignity sufficient to require an elaborate criticism. 'Grongar Hill' is the happiest of his productions: it is not indeed very accurately written; but the scenes which it displays are so pleasing, the images which they raise are so welcome to the mind, and the reflections of the writer so consonant to the general sense or experience of mankind, that when it is once read, it will be read again.

The idea of the 'Ruins of Rome' strikes more, but pleases less, and the title raises greater expectation than the performance gratifies. Some passages, however, are conceived with the mind of a poet; as when, in the neighbourhood of dilapidating edifices, he says,

— The Pilgrim oft

At dead of night, mid his orison, hears
Aghast the voice of Time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down, dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the Moon.

Of 'The Fleece,' which never became popular, and is now universally neglected, I can say little that is likely to recall it to attention. The woolcomber and the poet appear to me such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to *couple the serpent with the fowl*. When Dyer, whose mind was not unpoetical, has done his utmost, by interesting his reader in our native commodity, by interspersing rural imagery and incidental digressions, by clothing small images in great words, and by all the writer's arts of delusion, the meanness naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufacture, sink him under insuperable oppression; and the disgust which blank verse, encumbering and encumbered, superadds to an unpleasing subject, soon repels the reader, however willing to be pleased.

Let me however honestly report whatever may counterbalance this weight of censure. I have been told that Akenside, who, upon a poetical question, has a right to be heard, said, "That he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the fate of Dyer's 'Fleece;' for, if that were ill received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence."

ENCOMIUMS.

THE CHOICE.

To Mr. Byer. By Aaron Hill.

WHILE, charm'd with Abergasney's quiet plains,
The Muses and their empress court your strains,
Tired of the noisy Town, so lately tried,
Methinks I see you smile on Towy's side ;
Pensive, her mazy wanderings you unwind,
And on your river's margin calm your mind.
Oh!—greatly bless'd—Whate'er your fate re-
quires,

Your ductile wisdom tempers your desires ?
Balanced within, you look abroad serene,
And, marking both extremes, pass clear between.

Oh! could your loved example teach your skill,
And as it moves my wonder, mend my will,
Calm would my passions grow—my lot would
please,

And my sick soul might think itself to ease ;
But to the future while I strain my eye,
Each present good slips undistinguish'd by :
Still what I would, contends with what I can,
And my wild wishes leap the bounds of man.

If in my power it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd desires can fix a scope,

This were my Choice—(Oh, friend ! pronounce
me poor,

For I have wants which wealth can never cure !)

Let others, with a narrow'd stint of pride,
In selfish views a bounded hope divide :
If I must wish at all—desires are free—
High as the highest I would wish to be ;
Then might I, sole supreme, act unconfined,
And with unbounded influence bless mankind.
Mean is that soul whom its own good can fill !
A prosperous world alone could feast my will.
He's poor at best who others' misery sees,
And wants the wish'd-for power to give them ease ;
A glory this unreach'd but on a throne :
All were enough—and less than all is none.

This my first wish :—but since 'tis wild and vain
To grasp at glittering clouds with fruitless pain,
More safely low let my next prospect be,
And life's mild evening this fair sunset see.

Far from a lord's loathed neighbourhood—a state
Whose little greatness is a pride I hate,
On some lone wild should my large house be placed
Vastly surrounded by a healthful waste !
Steril and coarse the untried soil should be,
Till forced to flourish, and subdued by me.
Seas, woods, meads, mountains, garden, streams,
and skies,

Should with a changeful grandeur charm my eyes !
Where'er I walk'd, effects of my past pains
Should plume the mountain tops and paint the
plains ;

Greatly obscure, and shunning courts or name,
Widely befriended, but escaping fame ;
Peaceful, in studious quiet would I live,
Lie hid for leisure, and grow rich to give !

TO MR. DYER.

By Clio¹.

I've done thy merit and my friendship wrong,
In holding back my gratitude so long ;
The soul is sure to equal transport raised,
That justly praises, or is justly praised :
The generous only can this pleasure know,
Who taste the godlike virtue—to bestow !
I e'en grow rich, methinks, while I commend,
And feel the very praises which I send ;
Nor jealousy nor female envy find,
Though all the Muses are to Dyer kind.

Sing on ! nor let your modest fears retard,
Whose verse and pencil join to force reward :
Your claim demands the bays in double wreath,
Your poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.

I wish to praise you, but your beauties wrong ;
No theme looks green in Clio's artless song ;
But yours will an eternal verdure wear,
For Dyer's faithful soul will flourish there.
My humbler lot was in low distance laid :
I was, oh, hated thought ! a woman made ;
For household cares and empty trifles meant ;
The name does immortality prevent.
Yet let me stretch beyond my sex my mind,
And, rising, leave the fluttering train behind :
Nor art nor learning wish'd assistance lends,
But Nature, Love, and Music, are my friends.

¹ Among the poems of Savage is an epistle occasioned by Dyer's picture of this lady.

AN

EPISTLE TO MR. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR HILL,

IN ANSWER TO HIS FROM THE COUNTRY.

By Richard Savage.

Now various birds in melting concert sing,
 And hail the beauty of the opening spring;
 Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
 Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
 Wakes in thy verse, and friendship ever kind,
 Melodious comfort to my jarring mind. [see,

Oh! could my soul through depths of knowledge
 Could I read Nature and mankind like thee,
 I should o'ercome, or bear the rocks of Fate,
 And draw e'en Envy to the humblest state.
 Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
 From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.

Think not light poetry my life's chief care;
 The Muse's mansion is at best but air:
 But if more solid works my meaning forms,
 The' unfinish'd structures fall by Fortune's storms.

Oft have I said, we falsely those accuse
 Whose godlike souls life's middle state refuse.
 Self-love, I cried, there seeks ignoble rest;
 Care sleeps not calm, when millions wake un-
 bless'd:

Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
 Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall!—
 'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I sought the middle state,
 And found the good, and found the truly great.

Though verse can never give my soul her aim;
 Though action only claims substantial fame;
 Though Fate denies what my proud wants require,
 Yet grant me, Heaven! by knowledge to aspire:
 Thus to inquiry let me prompt the mind;
 Thus clear dimm'd Truth, and bid her bless man-
 kind;

From the pierced orphan thus draw shafts of grief,
 Arm Want with patience, and teach Wealth relief,
 To serve loved Liberty inspire my breath;
 Or, if my life be useless, grant me death:
 For he who useless is in life survey'd,
 Burdens that world his duty bids him aid.

Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
 Which he gains most who least has served man-
 kind?

Titles when worn by fools I dare despise;
 Yet they claim homage when they crown the wise.
 When high distinction marks deserving heirs,
 Desert still dignifies the mark it wears,
 But who to birth alone would honours owe?
 Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow.
 Those trees with sweetest charms invite our eyes
 Which from our own ingraftment fruitful rise.
 Still we love best what we with labour gain,
 As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.

The great I would nor envy nor deride,
 Nor stoop to swell a vain superior's pride,
 Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes,
 Nor crush the wretch beneath, who wailing lies:
 My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
 And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
 Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate,
 Nor by another's fall advance my state,

Nor misuse wit against an absent friend ;
Let me the virtues of a foe defend !
In wealth and want true minds preserve their
weight ;

Meek, though exalted ; though disgraced, elate :
Generous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd, they live,
Grateful to serve, and generous to forgive.

This may they learn who close thy life attend,
Which, dear in memory, still instructs thy friend.
Though cruel distance bars my grosser eye,
My soul, clear-sighted, draws thy virtue nigh ;
Through her deep woe that quickening comfort
gleams,
And lights up Fortitude with Friendship's beams.

POEMS
OF
JOHN DYER.

GRONGAR HILL.

**SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who the purple evening lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong:
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,**

So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise :
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene ;
But the gay the open scene
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies ;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires ;

Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me, trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes ;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs ;
And, beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high ¹,
Holds and charms the wandering eye :
Deep are his feet in Towry's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps ;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
'Tis now the' apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls,

¹ Dinevaur Castle.

Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state :
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,

How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the same coarse way ;
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see !
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ! be great who will ;
Search for Peace with all your skill :
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor :

In vain you search, she is not there ;
In vain ye search the domes of Care !
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side ;
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE
COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning's fair ; the lusty Sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run,
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolved, this charming day,
In the open field to stray,
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I see
A beautiful variety
Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
And flirting empty chaff about :
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food,
While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,
And tempt them all to crowd the door.

What a fair face does Nature show !
Augusta ! wipe thy dusty brow ;
A landscape wide salutes my sight
Of shady vales and mountains bright ;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.

And now into the fields I go,
Where thousand flaming flowers glow,
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honeysuckles smelling sweet.
Now o'er the daisy-meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding smoothly by,
Which shows with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide :
Here, finding pleasure after pain,
Sleeping, I see a wearied swain ;
While his full scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food supply.

Happy swain ! sure happier far
Than lofty kings and princes are !
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,
With all its easy beds of down.

The Sun now shows his noontide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the shade that groves bestow,
And on green moss I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown ;
Where all is silent, but some flood,
That sweetly murmurs in the wood ;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
And charm e'en Silence with their lays.

Oh ! powerful Silence ! how you reign
In the poet's busy brain !
His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful waterfalls ;

Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,
They rise before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.

Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring,
Where they behold a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell;
But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.

Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy,
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No, it is not her voice I find;
'Tis but the echo stays behind.

Some meditate Ambition's brow,
And the black gulf that gapes below;
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of Flattery:
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When rushing from yon rustling spray
It made them vanish all away.

I rouse me up, and on I rove;
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The Sun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whisper through the trees;
And as I leave the silvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see
Leaning on an aged tree,

Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden sway below :
Through spreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage sweet and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green and young.
Here he puffs upon his spade,
And digs up cabbage in the shade :
His tatter'd rags are sable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown ;
The dying sap descends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.

Up Grongar Hill¹ I labour now,
And catch at last his bushy brow.
Oh ! how fresh, how pure the air !
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature ? I descry
Thy magazine before me lie.
Temples ! — and towns ! — and towers ! — and
woods ! —
And hills ! — and vales ! — and fields ! — and
floods !

Crowding before me, edged around
With naked wilds and barren ground.

See, below, the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sunbeams shine upon
To the even from the dawn.
See her woods, where echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terrace walks,
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers and shining lakes.

¹ A hill in South Wales. See the preceding poem.



Drawn by Rich^d Warrall R.A.

Engraved by K. Schiavonetti



Keep, ye gods! this humble seat
For ever pleasant, private, neat.

See yonder hill, uprising steep,
Above the river slow and deep :
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid ;
On whose high top there rises great
The mighty remnant of a seat,
An old green tower, whose batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.

Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain !
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
Who, with angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

In blushes the descending Sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run ;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds do interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind ;
And vocal mountains, as they lowe,
Reecho to the vales below ;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home ;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires ;

While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To Abergasney² I descend.

But, oh! how bless'd would be the day
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray.

² The name of a seat belonging to the author's brother.

THE
RUINS OF ROME.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ :
Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?
JANUS VITALIS.

THE
RUINS OF ROME.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,
I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud Antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages famed,
Bears me remote o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote, beyond
The vale of Arno, purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
To Latium's wide champaign, forlorn and waste,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse !
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight ;
Lo ! the resistless theme, imperial Rome.

Fallen, fallen, a silent heap ! her heroes all
Sunk in their urns ; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations, fallen ! obscured in dust ;
E'en yet majestic : the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference !

Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs!

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk
Immense along the waste; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as the immense leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Outstretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Gray-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercast
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled
brows

The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft,
At dead of night, mid his oraison hears
Aghast the voice of Time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon;
While murmurs sooth each awful interval
Of ever falling waters; shrouded Nile,
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates¹: they with dropping locks
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.

Yet here, adventurous in the sacred search
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
Grateful society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
Through spiry cypress groves, and towering pine,

¹ Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows,
On numerous arches rear'd; and, frequent stopp'd,
The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
Of aisles and halls within the mountain's womb.
Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and, proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
And thunder! how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now incessant Time has roll'd around
A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thousand since, the' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell
In vain, convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.

Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapse
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate-clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein
Of orient jasper, pleased I move along;
And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines, and figured nymphs,
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,
Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mouldering shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green, and wide-embowering shades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers;
A solemn wilderness! with error sweet
I wind the lingering steep, where'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot

O'er sculptures maim'd has made ; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monstrous shapes ! preposterous gods
Of fear and ignorance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worship'd as e'en now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths *
In varied appellations : men to these
(From depth to depth in darkening error fallen)
At length ascribed the' Inapplicable Name.

How doth it please and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking busts ! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
Of Cæsar, raptured with the charm of rule
And boundless fame ; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
Above all height : and his own Brutus see,
Desponding Brutus ! dubious of the right,
In evil days of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude ; upraised,
His outstretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
Before the silent masters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold,
Prepared for combat in the front of war,
The pious brothers ; jealous Alba stands
In fearful expectation of the strife,
And youthful Rome intent : the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in silent tears ;
In sorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er they soon unsheath the flashing sword,

* Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.

Their country calls to arms ; now all in vain
The mother clasps the knee, and e'en the fair
Now weeps in vain ; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, roused ;
Such were the Fabii, Decii ; so inspired
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke :
So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
Deep musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
And build me virtuous fame ; nor shall the dust
Of these fallen piles with show of sad decay
Avert the good resolve ; mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow
We gain enraptured ; beauteously distinct³
The numerous porticos and domes upswell,
With obelisks and columns interposed,
And pine, and fir, and oak ; so fair a scene
Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' relics o'er the' Egyptian plain ;
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the Muses' stream,
Lucid Ilyssus weeps her silent schools
And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
Amid the towery ruins, huge, supreme,
The' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile ! o'er whose capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light,
While from the central floor the seats ascend
Round above round, slow-widening to the verge,
A circuit vast and high ; nor less had held

³ From the Palatin Hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

Imperial Rome and her attendant realms,
When, drunk with rule, she will'd the fierce delight,
And oped the gloomy caverns, whence out rush'd,
Before the innumerable shouting crowd,
The fiery maddened tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And desperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converse with familiar death
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breast, and steel the' obdurate heart,
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye!
Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that revered⁴
In ancient days the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cerulean rust.
The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
O'er thick surrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round sun ascends; and tower'd aloft,
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumeros
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Darkening their idols, when Astartè lured
Too prosperous Israel from his living strength.
And next regard yon venerable dome
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Raised to her various deities, and named
Pantheon; plain and round, of this our world
Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb projected stands
The many-pillar'd portal; noblest work
Of human skill! Here, curious architect,

⁴ The Capitol.

If thou essay'st, ambitious, to surpass
Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
And turn the instructive compass: careful mark
How far in hidden art the noble plan
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing sculpture; nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first
Boasted their order, which Callimachus
(Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
Haply composed; the urn, with foliage curl'd,
Thinly conceal'd the chapter inform'd.

See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes, convey'd;
Like Albion's spires, they rush into the skies:
And there the temple where the summon'd state:
In deep of night convened: e'en yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours; ambition sinks her crest;
And, lo! the villain, like a troubled sea,
That tosses up her mire! Ever disguised
Shall Treason walk? shall proud Oppression yoke
The neck of Virtue? Lo! the wretch abash'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty!
Parent of happiness, celestial born;
When the first man became a living soul
His sacred genius thou: be Britain's care;
With her secure prolong thy loved retreat;
Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
E'en yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,

⁵ The temple of Concord, where the Senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.

Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs,
In mask and dance excel; to sculptured stone
Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board:
But thou thy noble Britons teach to rule,
To check the ravage of tyrannic sway,
To quell the proud, to spread the joys of peace,
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart!
Inestimable good! who givest us Truth,
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth!
Array'd in every charm; whose hand benign
Teaches unwearied Toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inscribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs;
And Libya bright, and all enchanting Greece,
Whose numerous towns, and isles, and peopled
seas,

Rejoiced around her lyre; the' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her towery battlements in strength,
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
And thine those piles⁶ undeck'd, capacious, vast,

⁶ The public granaries.

In days of dearth, where tender Charity
Dispensed her timely succours to the poor.
Thine, too, those musically falling founts,
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever, while from yon blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts,
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, brightening in the sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach :
High o'er irriguous vales, and woods, and towns,
Glide the soft-whispering waters in the wind,
And, here united, pour their silver streams
Among the figured rocks, in murmuring falls,
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works;
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the rest;
At various times their turrets chanced to rise,
When impious Tyranny vouchsafed to smile.
Behold thy Tiber's flood, where modern Rome⁷
Couches beneath the ruins; there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the Field of Mars :
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous, to fling the pointed lance,
To vault the steed, or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
Or, wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant
feet;
Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches, all their wars,
Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.

⁷ Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

And see from every gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high verged, the solemn paths of
Fame!

Deserve they not regard? o'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war,
So many pomps, so many wondering realms:
Yet still through mountains pierced, o'er valleys
raised,

In even state to distant seas around [Peace,
They stretch their pavements. Lo! the fane of
Built by that prince who to the trust of power*,
Was honest, the delight of humankind.

Three nodding aisles remain, the rest an heap
Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose
An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dian's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils: the golden board
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
By the sunk roof.—O'er which, in distant view,
The' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the Cestian pyramid^o divides
The mouldering wall, behold yon fabric huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoiced, and the green medals frequent found

* Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.

^o The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.

Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls¹⁰,
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These, and unnumber'd yet, their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks,
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round
After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils up the rough steep
Its hero to the skies; and his dark tower¹¹
Whose execrable hand the City fired,
And while the dreadful conflagration blazed
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome¹²;
And the rough relics of Carinæ's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed, as erst
There piped the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
When the' humble roof Anchises' son explored
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king!
Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene;
So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty!) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,

¹⁰ The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.

¹¹ Nero's.

¹² The Palatin library.

Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits, lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labours; where the' insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood
(I sing not to the vacant and the young),
There is a kindly mood of melancholy
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies:
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently wakening call to health and ease.
How musical! when all devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the setting sun displays
His visible great round between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs: away, my Muse!
Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight
The many-figured sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effaced; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miss we not the' innumerable thefts;
Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.

Suffice it now the' Esquilian Mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement. A low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild: the gourd and olive brown

Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy soothed:
Here flow'd his fountain, here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,
Framed the celestial song, or social walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who, so well inspired,
Couldst throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the Muses! then revered,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The poet chose to tune the' ennobling rhyme
Melodious; e'en the rugged sons of War,
E'en the rude hinds revered the poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since Nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
The' o'erflowing wave—Enough: the plaint dis-
dain.—

Seest thou yon fane¹³? e'en now incessant Time
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the dust;
And Phæbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
'Twas there, beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
The' astonish'd swains with reverend awe beheld

¹³ The temple of Romulus and Remus under Mount Palatin.

Thee, O Quirinus! and thy brother twin;
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive, while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck, and form'd your tender
limbs :

So taught of Jove, e'en the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies ; your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories, of the' Ausonian state,
Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs ; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy, Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enameling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering swains, and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around,
Jealous ; yet soon, by wondrous virtue won,
They sink into her bosom. From the plough
Rose her dictators ; fought, o'ercame, return'd ;
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers ;
For then no private pomp, no household state,
The public only swell'd the generous breast.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung ?
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand ?
How Manlius saved the Capitol ? the choice
Of steady Regulus ? As yet they stood,
Simple of life ; as yet seducing wealth
Was unexplored, and shame of poverty
Yet unimagined—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage ? murmur not the brooks

Along the flowery valleys? they, content,
Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their easy taste, and only sought
To know their duties; that their only strife,
Their generous strife, and greatly to perform.
They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dared in thickest death
To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd;
Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntless courage: storming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd;
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic shores, till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
Roused them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half raised her rusty shield; nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart,
Nor yet the car of that famed British chief
Which seven brave years beneath the doubtless
wing

Of victory dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd till Fame was silent of their foes.

And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud security: the crested helm,
The plated greave and corselet, hung unbraced;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding
shield,

But on the glittering trophy to the wind.

Dissolved in ease and soft delights they lie,
Till every sun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends :
For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
Laughs at the winter storm and summer beam,
Superior to their rage : enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling : flowery bowers they seek
(As ether prompts, as the sick sense approves),
Or cool nymphaean grotts, or tepid baths ;
(Taught by the soft Ionians) they along
The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseate air with fond expense :
Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
Melodious murmuring ; while Luxury
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth ; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of Voluptuousness, cry out aloud
Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles, whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition ; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines, with incense fumed,
To slake patrician thirst : for these their rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale ;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck

Stretch'd to the yoke? They come; the market
throgs.

But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
Who most can charm Corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the state; and, lo!
Didius, vile usurer! through the crowd he mounts¹⁴,
Beneath his feet the Roman Eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
O Britons! O my countrymen! beware;
Gird, gird your hearts: the Romans once were
free,

Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,
And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
Of fifes and drums they danced, or in the shade
Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war;
Immortal Cæsar! Lo! a god, a god!
He cleaves the yielding skies. Cæsar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles, or the gnat
Enraged pursues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
To dogs and sycophants. A god, a god!
The flowery shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the North the tempest swell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Rush, as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

¹⁴ Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease, and luxury! O Luxury!
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin, is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
The' unfathomable gulf where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten, and high-boasting Cham,
And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous Greece,
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome!

THE FLEECE.

In four Books.

Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est, quæ prima fit, si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora præbet velamina.

COLUMELLA.

The Argument.

The subject proposed. Dedicatory address. Of pastures in general fit for sheep : for fine-woolled sheep : for long-woolled sheep. Defects of pastures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moisture of the English climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of English sheep : the two common sorts of rams described. Different kinds of foreign sheep. The several sorts of food. The distempers arising from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by instinct to their proper food and physic. Of the shepherd's scrip, and its furniture. Care of sheep in tupp'ing-time. Of the castration of lambs, and the folding of sheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and seasons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and security of the English shepherd above those in hotter or colder climates, exemplified with respect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of sheepshearing. Song on that occasion. Custom in Wales of sprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheepshearing feast and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK I.

THE care of sheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural nymphs!
Ye swains, and princely merchants! aid the verse;
And ye, high trusted guardians of our isle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth,
To the great charge assigns! ye good of all
Degrees, all sects! be present to my song.
So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul
From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,
The people's shepherd, eminently placed
Over the numerous swains of every vale,
With well permitted power and watchful eye
On each gay field to shed beneficence,
Celestial office! Thou protect the song.
On spacious airy downs and gentle hills,
With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,
Where smiling Phœbus tempers every breeze,

The fairest flocks rejoice: they, nor of halt,
Hydrotic tumours, nor of rot, complain,
Evils deform'd and foul; nor with hoarse cough
Disturb the music of the pastoral pipe;
But, crowding to the note, with silence soft
The close-woven carpet graze, where Nature
blends

Flowerets and herbage of minutest size,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.

All arid soils, with sand or chalky flint,
Or shells deluvian mingled, and the turf
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,
Be thy regard; and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berried juniper, arise;
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.

Such are the downs of Banstead, edged with
woods

And towery villas; such Dorcestrian fields,
Whose flocks innumerable whiten all the land:
Such those slow-climbing wilds that lead the step
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and such the clover'd lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton¹,
Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk
Of Heathcote's leisure: such the spacious plain
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,
Where solitary Stonehenge, gray with moss,
Ruin of ages! nods: such, too, the leas
And ruddy tilth which spiry Ross beholds,

¹ Normanton, a seat of Sir John Heathcote, in Rutlandshire.

From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemster's brooky track and airy Croft²;
And such Harleian Eywood's³ swelling turf,
Waved as the billows of a rolling sea;
And Shobden⁴, for its lofty terrace famed,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods,
And girt with all Siluria⁵, sees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleasant Siluria: land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles
More airy wild than vines along the sides
Of treacherous Falernum⁶, or that hill
Vesuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus rose,
And Herculean and Pompeian domes.

But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leicestrian fleeces, what the sinewy arm
Combs through the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks
The blackening shower, and fattens with the
draught,
Or marl with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one consistence, one complexion, spread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins

² Croft, a seat of Sir Archer Croft.

³ Eywood, a seat of the Earl of Oxford.

⁴ Shobden, a seat of Lord Bateman.

⁵ Siluria, the part of England which lies west of the Severn, viz. Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, &c.

⁶ Treacherous Falernum; because part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
Tainting the pasturage: and let thy fields
In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.

Yet some defect in all on earth appears;
All seek for help, all press for social aid.
Too cold the grassy mantle of the marl,
In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent sheep: from broken slumber oft
They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch;
Their wasted sides their evil plight declare:
Hence, tender in his care, the shepherd swain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet distance from the upland ridge
To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent sand, with lime, and dark manure,
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a passage to the foe.
Plough not such pastures; deep in spungy grass
The oldest carpet is the warmest lair,
And soundest: in new herbage coughs are heard.

Nor love too frequent shelter; such as decks
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue steep of distant Malvern⁷ wall'd,
Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade,
Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp
Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiss
Dimetians⁸, who along their mossy dales

⁷ Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worcester.

⁸ Dimetia, Caermarthenshire, in South Wales.

Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour,
While round them stubborn thorns and furze in-
crease,

And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread
Their dust saline upon the deepening grass;
And oft with labour-strengthen'd arm he delved
The draining trench across his verdant slopes,
To intercept the small meandering rills
Of upper hamlets. Haughty trees, that sour
The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set mounds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd;
Only a slender tuft of useful ash,
And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,
The little smiling cottage warm embower'd;
The little smiling cottage! where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

Nor only soil, there also must be found
Felicity of clime and aspect bland,
Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price.
In vain the silken fleece on windy brows,
And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills,
Is sought, though soft Iberia spreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biscaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun
Libya's hot plains. What taste have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow dust of gold! no more
Food to the flock than to the miser wealth,

Who kneels upon the glittering heap and starves.
E'en Gallic Abbeville the shining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Basely from Albion, by the' ensnaring bribe,
The bate of avarice, which with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thousands steals.

How erring oft the judgment in its hate
Or fond desire! Those slow-descending showers,
Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November, (loathed by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate) are gifts the Pleiads shed,
Britannia's handmaids: as the beverage falls
Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and sing.

Hail, noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
White winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
Rich queen of mists and vapours! these thy sons
With their cool arms compress, and twist their
nerves

For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills,
Blakes,

Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose.

See the Sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen shower,
How beautiful! how blue the' etherial vault;
How verdurous the lawns! how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradise adorn but thine,

Britannia! happy, if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific, add, and stately ships
Innumerable. But whither strays my Muse?
Pleased, like a traveller upon the strand
Arrived of bright Augusta, wild he roves,
From deck to deck, through groves immense of
masts;

'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
Through wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and
In sweet surprise; unable yet to fix [domes,
His raptured mind, or scan in order'd course
Each object singly: with discoveries new
His native country studious to enrich.

Ye shepherds! if your labours hope success,
Be first your purpose to procure a breed
To soil and clime adapted. Every soil
And clime, e'en every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each
The Great Invisible, and each to all,
Through earth, and sea, and air, harmonious suits:
Tempestuous regions, Darwent's naked peaks⁹,
Snowden and blue Plynlimmon, and the wide
Aerial sides of Cader-yddris huge¹⁰;
These are bestow'd on goat-horn'd sheep, of fleece
Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble shank,
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or browse
Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly scatter'd meal;
But hills of milder air, that gently rise
O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,

⁹ Darwent's naked peaks; the peaks of Derbyshire.

¹⁰ Snowden, Plynlimmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.

Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate :
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
Near Cotswold Downs, or the delicious groves
Of Symmonds, honour'd through the sandy soil
Of elmy Ross¹¹, or Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea,
Regard this sort, and hence thy sire of lambs
Select; his tawny fleece in ringlets curls :
Long swings his slender tail ; his front is fenced
With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls
That grace the columns of the' Ionic dome.

Yet should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields¹²,
Where ever gliding Avon's limpid wave
Thwarts the long course of dusty Watling-street;
That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,
Whose fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain :
The ram, short-limb'd, whose form compact de-
scribes

One level line along his spacious back ;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretch'd head,
Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,
And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.

Thus to their kindred soil and air induced,
Thy thriving herd will bless thy skilful care,
That copies Nature, who, in every change,
In each variety, with wisdom works,
And powers diversified of air and soil,
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marl, Egyptus' water'd loam,

¹¹ Ross, a town of Herefordshire.

¹² Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby, in Warwickshire, and Lutterworth, in Leicestershire.

And dry Cyrene's sand, in climes alike,
With different stores supply the marts of trade :
Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear :
Small are the Russian herds, and harsh their fleece ;
Of light esteem Germanic, far remote
From soft sea-breezes, open winters mild,
And summers bathed in dew : on Syrian sheep
The costly burden only loads their tails :
No locks Cormandel's, none Malaca's tribe
Adorn ; but sleek of flax, and brown like deer,
Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along
The sands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone,
Shrubs aromatic, caffee wild, or thea,
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool
Is grass or herbage soft, that ever blooms
In temperate air, in the delicious downs
Of Albion, on the banks of all her streams.

Of grasses are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark when tepid gleams
Oft mingle with the pearls of summer showers
And swell too hastily the tender plains ;
Then snatch away thy sheep : beware the rot
And with deterrent bay-salt rub their mouths,
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In hunger's kind distress, on tedded hay ;
Or to the marish guide their easy steps,
If near thy tufted crofts the broad sea spreads.
Sagacious care foreacts. When strong disease
Breaks in, and stains the purple streams of health,
Hard is the strife of art. The coughing pest

From their green pasture sweeps whole flocks
away.

That dire distemper sometimes may the swain,
Though late, discern; when on the lifted lid,
Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale,
The swelling liver then her putrid store
Begins to drink: e'en yet thy skill exert,
Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms:
Again detersive salt apply, or shed
The hoary medicine o'er their arid food.

In cold stiff soils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the Halt:
Those let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
Detain, and pour into their cloven feet
Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,
Dry alum, verdigrise, or vitriol keen:
But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears,
'T will serve to shift them to a drier turf,
And salt again. The' utility of salt
Teach thy slow swains: redundant humours cold
Are the diseases of the bleating kind.

The' infectious scab, arising from extremes
Of want or surfeit, is by water cured
Of lime, or sodden stave-acre, or oil
Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous Berkeley, whose benevolence
Explored its powers, and easy medicine thence
Sought for the poor. Ye poor! with grateful voice
Invoke eternal blessings on his head.

Sheep also pleurisies and dropsies know,
Driven oft from Nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aside, with haughty hand
Whom sacred instinct would securely lead.

But thou, more humble swain ! thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field,
Noting the fickle seasons of the sky.
Rain-sated pastures let them shun, and seek
Changes of herbage and salubrious flowers.
By their all perfect Master inly taught,
They best their food and physic can discern ;
For He, Supreme Existence, ever near,
Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe
With what a regular consent they crop,
At every fourth collection to the mouth,
Unsavoury crowflower : whether to awake
Languor of appetite with lively change,
Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom Nature loves,
And with her salutary rules intrusts,
Benevolent Mackenzie¹³ ! say the cause.
This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense ;
Each strong affection of the' unconscious brute,
Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,
Is wisely given : harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reason, (blush, vain man !)
And turn the wheels of Nature's vast machine.

See that thy scrip have store of healing tar,
And marking pitch and ruddle ; nor forget
Thy shears true pointed, nor the' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return ;
So mayst thou aid who lag along, or steal
Aside into the furrows or the shades,
Silent to droop ; or who, at every gate
Or hillock, rub their sores and loosen'd wool.

¹³ Dr. Mackenzie, of Drumseugh, near Edinburgh.

But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,
Banish before the' autumnal months. E'en age
Forbear too much to favour: oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.

Beware the season of imperial Love,
Who through the world his ardent spirit pours;
E'en sheep are then intrepid! the proud ram
With jealous eye surveys the spacious field:
All rivals keep aloof, or desperate war
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
And fury irresistible, they dash
Their hardy frontlets: the wide vale resounds:
The flock, amazed, stands safe afar; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls;
As fell of old, before that engine's sway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous towers of Salem to the dust.

Wise custom at the fifth or sixth return,
Or ere they've pass'd the twelfth of orient morn,
Castrate the lambkins: necessary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand has
grieved,

In those rough months that lift the turning year:
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius hastens; soon their wounds he heals,
And leads them skipping to the flowers of May:
May! who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary houseless common fields,
Worn by the plough; but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land,
Nor in too narrow bounds the prisoners crowd!
Nor ope the wattled fence while balmy morn

Lies on the reeking pasture : wait till all
The crystal dews, impearl'd upon the grass,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure sky.

In teasing fly-time, dank or frosty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their soft skins between the parted locks :
Thus the Brigantes¹⁴ ; 'tis not idle pains :
Nor is that skill despised which trims their tails,
Ere summer heats, of filth and tagged wool,
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to soil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,
Hurdles to weave, and cheerly shelters raise,
Thy vacant hours require ; and ever learn
Quick ether's motions : oft the scene is turn'd ;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance : these the moon will tell,
Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe.
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted ; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed.
Slight not the warning ; soon the tempest rolls,
Scattering them wide, close rushing at the heels
Of the' hurrying overtaken swains : forbear
Such nights to fold ; such nights be theirs to shift
On ridge or hillock ; or in homesteads soft,
Or softer cots, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable ? Before harsh winter drowns
The noisy dykes, and starves the rushy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm ;

¹⁴ The Brigantes, inhabitants of Yorkshire.

There let them sojourn, till gay Progne skims
The thickening verdure and the rising flowers.
And while departing autumn all embrowns
The frequent bitten fields, while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay, then be their feet
Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or some warm umbrage ; lest, in erring fright,
When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run
Dispersed to ditches, where the swelling drift
Wide overwhelms : anxious, the shepherd swains
Issue with axe and spade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste,
And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
Drooping, e'en at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With still continued feeble pulse of life,
The glebe, their fleece, their flesh, by hunger
gnaw'd.

Ah, gentle shepherd ! thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel distress, the most assail'd,
Feeble, defenceless : lenient be thy care ;
But spread around thy tenderest diligence
In flowery spring time, when the new-dropp'd lamb,
Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him, and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet :
O ! guard his meek sweet innocence from all
The' innumerable ills that rush around his life ;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain ;
Observe the lurking crows ; beware the brake,
There the sly fox the careless minute waits ;
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky :
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide,

Eurus oft slings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promised food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her, also turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms
Gently convey to the warm cot, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk:
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport:
Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers:
Nor yet forget him; life has rising ills:
Various as ether is the pastoral care:
Through slow experience, by a patient breast,
The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft received
With deep attention; such as Nuceus sings
To the full vale near Soar's¹⁵ enamour'd brook,
While all is silence: sweet Hinclean swain!
Whom rude obscurity severely clasps:
The Muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell
With purple violets and primrose flowers,
Well pleased thy faithful lessons to repay.

Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread sores cutaneous; but more frequent heat.
The flyblown vermin from their woolly nest
Press to the tortured skin, and flesh, and bone,
In littleness and number dreadful foes!
Long rains in miry winter cause the halt;

¹⁵ Soar, a river in Leicestershire.

Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;
And all excess, e'en of salubrious food,
As sure destroys as famine or the wolf.
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in every zone endures.

With grateful heart, ye British swains! enjoy
Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.
Lo! in the sprinkling clouds your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms

The' Hyperborean tracks: his arrowy frosts,
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies,
And burrows deep beneath the snowy world;
A drear abode! from rose-diffusing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where, by the squalid light
Of fetid oil inflamed, sea monsters' spume,
Or fir wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three slow gloomy months with various ills
Sullen he struggles; such the love of life!
His lank and scanty herds around him press,
As, hunger-stung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees,
Their common sustenance: while ye, O swains!
Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep
Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tith,.
Where, thick among the greens, with busy mouths
They scoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only at morning hour to interpose
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,
The watery juices of the bossy root
Absorbing; or from noxious air to screen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence

Of furze or copse wood, in the lofty field,
Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds :
Or, if your sheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,
Silkening their fleeces. Ye nor rolling hut
Nor watchful dog require, where never roar
Of savage tears the air, where careless night
In balmy sleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas ! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror strides, their stubborn rocks are rent,
Their mountains sink, their yawning caverns flame,
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging ; Pompeian towers,
And Herculean, and what riotous stood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
'Mong solitary hills infectious lies.

See the swift Furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring realms,
And spread their plains with desolation wide !
Yet your mild homesteads ever blooming smile
Among embracing woods, and waft on high
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimneys curling o'er the gloomy trees
In airy azure ringlets to the sky.
Nor ye by need are urged, as Attic swains,
And Tarentine, with skins to clothe your sheep,
Expensive toil, howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But those expensive toils are now no more,
Proud Tyranny devours their flocks and herds :
Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,
Sooth the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,

The shepherds' kingdom : dreary solitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale
Of Athens, which in solemn silence sheds
Her venerable ruins to the dust.

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in quest of food,
And shift their little home's uncertain scene
With frequent farewell ; strangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
May there be heard ; nor sweeter liquid lapse
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs : goaded by the rage of thirst,
Daily they journey to the distant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,
Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
Themselves and long posterity to serve.
There, at the public hour of sultry noon,
They share the beverage, when to watering come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns : then is absent none,
Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats ;
In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachel's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
From the deep dark mouth'd well his strength re-
moved,
And to her circling sheep refreshment gave.

Such are the perils, such the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my Muse !
Swift turns the year, and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.

Now, jolly swains! the harvest of your cares
Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
Of high Brigantium¹⁶, where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
The steady anvil and the glaring mass
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flattening the steel: from their rough hands re-
ceive

The sharpen'd instrument that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
To yellow crowfoot, and luxuriant grass,
Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plunged in the flood, not long the struggler sinks
With his white flakes that glisten through the
tide;

The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid stream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Lest touch of busy flyblows wound their skin.
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cherish and be gentle, while yè strip

¹⁶ Caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, where the shepherds' shears and all edge-tools are made.

The downy vesture from their tender sides.
Press not too close ; with caution turn the points,
And from the head in regular rounds proceed ;
But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat ;
And careful house them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their stores tumultuous : through the gloom
Then thunder oft with pondrous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the crystal urns of Heaven, adown
Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steeps
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades !)
Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields :
Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy, enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.

At shearing-time along the lively vales
Rural festivities are often heard ;
Beneath each blooming harbour all is joy
And lusty merriment. While on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the Golden Age again return'd,
And all the fabled dryades in dance :
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe, and deep remurmuring cords
Of the' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.

While the' old apart, upon a bank reclined,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mix'd
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir,
Music of Paradise ; which still is heard
When the heart listens, still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when Content

To Nature's flowery scenes directs the sight.
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine ;
As greedy mariners, whose desperate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they see the lessening shores retire,
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Could I recal those notes which once the Muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin¹⁷ ! Yet the carols sweet
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable swain !
The soothest shepherd of the flowery vale.
' This is no vulgar scene ; no palace-roof
Was e'er so lofty, or so nobly rise
Their polish'd pillars as these aged oaks,
Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
Thus have expanded wide their sheltering arms
Thrice told a hundred summers. Sweet content,
Ye gentle shepherds ! pillow us at night.'

' Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,
Rising and falling with the cheerful day,'
Colin replied ; ' and pleasing weariness
Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
Is it in cities so ? where, poets tell,
The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,
And the diseases of intemperate wealth.
Alas ! that any ills from wealth should rise !
' May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,
May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-
white lambs,

¹⁷ Wreakin, a high hill in Shropshire.

Which with a pretty innocence of look
Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
May that great lamp which sinks behind the hills,
And streams around variety of lights,
Recall them erring! this is Damon's wish.'

'Huge Breaden's¹⁸ stony summit once I climb'd
After a kidling: Damon, what a scene!
What various views unnumber'd spread beneath!
Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and
torrent floods;

And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,
Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,
Where stenchy vapours often blot the Sun:
Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowds
Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,
Which comes too late, that courts the taste in vain,
Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich!
Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;
And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,
We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
Our snowy flocks, and wind the flecky fleece.'

'Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,'
Damon replied, 'while the Supreme accounts
Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike
With king and priest: they also shepherds are;
For so the' All-seeing styles them, to remind
Elated man, forgetful of his charge.'

'But haste, begin the rites: see purple Eve
Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and swains!
Hither assemble. Pleased with honours due,
Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,

¹⁸ Breaden, a hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight
clear

Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds!
Or in hoar caves, around Plynlimmon's brow,
Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
Among her sisters she reclines; the loved
Vaga, profuse of graces, Ryddol rough,
Blithe Ystwith, and Clevedoc¹⁹, swift of foot;
And mingles various seeds of flowers and herbs,
In the divided torrents, ere they burst
Through the dark clouds, and down the moun-
tains roll.

Nor taint-worm shall infect the yearning herds,
Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's poisonous leaf.

He said: with light fantastic toe the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

Such custom holds along the' irriguous vales
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn²⁰,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
With envious hate enraged. The jolly cheer,
Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till cease the rites: and now the mossy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer
Dispersed in copious measure: early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;

¹⁹ Vaga, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc, rivers; the springs of which rise in the sides of Plynlimmon.

²⁰ Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire, on the banks of the Severn.

Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes : and some apace
Whistle to roundelays : their little ones
Look on delighted ; while the mountain woods
And winding valleys with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes : near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep divided glebe : the flood
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and copsy banks
To listen, and to view the joyous scene.

THE FLEECE



BOOK II.

The Argument.

Introduction. Recommendation of mercifulness to animals.

Of the winding of wool. Diversity of wool in the fleece : skill in the assorting of it, particularly among the Dutch. The uses of each sort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lightest in common fields : inconveniences of common fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England : its real excellences : and direction in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet pastures ; yet all pastures improvable ; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not esteemed for wool. Countries esteemed for wool, before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its consequences. Countries afterwards esteemed for wool. The decay of arts and sciences in the barbarous ages : their revival, first at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the present times. Wool the best of all the various materials for clothing. The wool of our island peculiarly excellent is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this subject. Bishop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Necessity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world ; exemplified in the prosperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK II.

Now of the sever'd lock begin the song
With various numbers, through the simple theme
To win attention : this, ye shepherd swains !
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray¹ ! if thou
Cease not with skilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd Muse above the grassy vale,
And hills, and woods, shall singing, soar aloft ;
And he whom learning, wisdom, candour, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his sire,
Royston² ! approve, and patronize the strain.

Through all the brute creation none as sheep
To lordly man such ample tribute pay.
For him their udders yield nectareous streams ;
For him their downy vestures they resign ;
For him they spread the feast : ah ! ne'er may he
Glory in wants which doom to pain and death
His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,
Let wasted hunger, by destroying live,

¹ David Wray, Esq. one of the Deputy Tellers of the Exchequer, who procured Dyer the living of Belchford in 1751.

² Viscount Royston, afterward Earl of Hardwicke.

And the permission use with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond;
And gluttons ever murder when they kill.
Even to the reptile every cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the sanguinary tribe are all;
All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains!
Like Brama's healthy sons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain;
Ye are the sons of Nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye shear, relieve.
Come, gentle swains! the bright unsullied locks
Collect; alternate songs shall sooth your cares,
And warbling music break from every spray,
Be faithful, and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round; nor alien flake, nor pitch enfold;
Stain not your stores with base desire to add
Fallacious weight; nor yet, to mimic those,
Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield³,
Lessen, with subtle artifice, the fleece;
Equal the fraud; nor interpose delay,
Lest busy ether through the open wool
Debilitating pass, and every film
Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.
Guard, too, from moisture, and the fretting moth
Pernicious: she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care:
But in loose locks of fells she most delights,
And feeble fleeces of distemper'd sheep,
Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent
Allured, as the swift eagle to the fields
Of slaughtering war or carnage: such apart
Keep for their proper use: our ancestors

³ Urchinfield, the country about Ross in Herefordshire.

Selected such for hospitable beds
To rest the stranger, or the gory chief
From battle or the chase of wolves return'd,
When many-colour'd evening sinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and opposite
Rises, full orb'd, the silver harvest moon,
To light the' unwearied farmer, late a-field
His scatter'd sheaves collecting, then expect
The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverse every plain
And every dale where farm or cottage smokes:
Reject them not; and let the season's price
Win thy soft treasures: let the bulky wain
Through dusty roads roll nodding; or the bark,
That silently adown the cerule stream
Glides with white sails, dispense the downy
freight

To copsy villages on either side,
And spiry towns, where ready Diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.

In the same fleece diversity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious skill to sort the several kinds
But in this subtle science none exceed
The' industrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want: their spacious domes,
With boundless hospitality, receive
Each nation's outcasts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, em-
ploy'd,

And unrejected age: e'en childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual speed,

They sever lock from lock, and long, and short,
 And soft, and rigid, pile in several heaps.
 This the dusk hatter asks; another shines,
 Tempting the clothier; that the hosier seeks;
 The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs;
 But often it deceives the artist's care,
 Breaking unuseful in the steely comb:
 For this long spungy wool no more increase
 Receives, while winter petrifies the fields:
 The growth of Autumn stops; and what though
 Spring

Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on
 The texture? yet in vain she strives to link
 The silver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
 Be then the swain advised to shield his flocks
 From winter's deadening frosts and whelming
 snows:

Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof,
 While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy,
 And swell their fleeces, equal to the worth
 Of clothed Apulian⁴, by soft warmth improved;
 Or let them inward heat and vigour find
 By food of cole or turnip, hardy plants.
 Besides, the lock of one continued growth
 Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.

But lightest wool is theirs who poorly toil
 Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
 Of common fields. Enclose, enclose, ye swains!
 Why will you joy in common field, where pitch,
 Noxious to wool, must stain your motley flock,
 To mark your property? the mark dilates,

⁴ The shepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, used to clothe their sheep with skins, to preserve and improve their fleeces.

Enters the flake depreciated, defiled,
Unfit for beauteous tint. Besides, in fields
Promiscuous held, all culture languishes :
The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives ;
Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats
And barren furrows : none the rising grove
There plants for late posterity, nor hedge
To shield the flock, nor copse for cheering fire ;
And in the distant village every hearth
Devours the grassy sward, the verdant food
Of injured herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain :
Pernicious habit ! drawing gradual on
Increasing beggary, and Nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilferer easier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he steals, or when,
With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,
The milky stalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,
The year's slow ripening fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.

There are who overrate our spongy stores,
Who deem that Nature grants no clime but ours
To spread upon its fields the dews of Heaven,
And feed the silky fleece ; that card nor comb
The hairy wool of Gaul can ne'er subdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unless a third from Britain swell the heap :
Illusion all ; though of our sun and air
Not trivial is the virtue, nor their fruit
Upon our snowy flocks of small esteem :
The grain of brightest tincture none so well
Imbibes : the wealthy Gobelins must to this
Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms,

And though with hue of crocus or of rose
 No power of subtle food, or air, or soil,
 Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
 To note their influence in the tinging vase :
 Therefore from herbage of old pastured plains,
 Chief from the matted turf of azure marl
 Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.
 Those fields regard not through whose recent turf
 The miry soil appears; nor e'en the streams
 Of Yare or silver Stroud can purify
 Their frequent sullied fleece; nor what rough winds,
 Keen biting on tempestuous hills, imbrown.

Yet much may be perform'd to check the force
 Of Nature's rigour: the high heath by trees
 Warm shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms :
 Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to
 smile,

And leave in dikes their soon forgotten tears.
 Labour and Art will every aim achieve
 Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level^s, erst
 A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
 Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform,
 And, smiling with her lure of summer flowers,
 The heavy ox vain struggling to ingulf ;
 Till one of that high-honour'd patriot name,
 Russel ! arose, who drain'd the rushy fen,
 Confined the waves, bade groves and gardens
 bloom,

And through his new creation led the Ouze
 And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams :
 Godlike beneficence ! from chaos drear
 To raise the garden and the shady grove.

^s Bedford Level, in Cambridgeshire.

But see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeasurable track! the traveller
Slow tries his mazy step on the' yielding tuft,
Shuddering with fear: e'en such perfidious wilds,
By labour won, have yielded to the comb
The fairest length of wool. See Deeping Fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil
Gives Nature value, multiplies her stores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis art and toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
The pear and tasteful apple; decks with flowers
And foodful pulse the fields that often rise,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot toil,
With patient art, effect? There was a time
When other regions were the swain's delight,
And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labour knew,
But of rude baskets, homely rustic geer,
Woven of the flexile willow; till at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient culture, and o'er sinking woods
High Cotswold show'd her summits. Urchinfield,
And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's brake
Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives,
And in the regions oft of active Gaul
O'er lessening vineyards spreads the growing turf.

In eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool
Phoenicia's hilly tracks were most renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides,
Twice with the murex, crimson hue, they tinged

The shining fleeces; hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.

Next busy Colchis, bless'd with frequent rains
And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants), improved the fleece,
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The famed Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.

This rising Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful Jason an attempt conceived
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the Muses' haunts,
He roused the brave to redemand the fleece.
Attend, ye British swains! the ancient song.
From every region of Ægea's shore
The brave assembled; those illustrious twins,
Castor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in speed;
Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.

On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And soon the laurel cord and the huge stone
Uplifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark,
Whose keel, of wondrous length, the skilful hand
Of Argus fashion'd for the proud attempt;
And in the' extended keel a lofty mast
Upraised, and sails full swelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now first, now they learn'd
Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden stars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep; the cloudy isles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, rise,

And Halonesos : soon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs;
While they, her flattering creeks and opening
 bowers

Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.
Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course,
But with too eager haste : in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks ; howe'er, not long
The chance detains ; he springs upon the shore,
And, rifting from the roots a tapering pine,
Renews his stroke. Between the threatening
 towers

Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal ; then smooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glassy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt :
And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks !
Threaten approach ; but they, unterrified,
Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thundering
 floods

Cleave their bold passage ; nathless by the crags
And torrents sorely shatter'd : as the strong
Eagle or vulture, in the' entangling net
Involved, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes
 behind,

Thus through the wide waves their slow way they
 force

To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave
Pass many perils, and to fame by such
Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed

From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand
Jason advanced: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he view'd, and stately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury: around,
In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found; for he, their chief
Of shepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of King distinguish'd, 'gan to slight
The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance:
E'en Hydrus ceased to watch; Medea's songs
Of joy, and rosy youth, and beauty's charms,
With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,
Till the bold heroes grasp'd the Golden Fleece.
Nimble they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
O'er the known seas, by every guiding cape,
With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim received them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the Ram regain'd.

Thus Phasis lost his pride: his slighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and pastures mourn'd;
The trade-ship left his streams; the merchant
shunn'd

His desert borders ; each ingenious art,
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence, all retired,
And left to Want and Servitude their seats ;
Vile successors ! and gloomy Ignorance,
Following like dreary Night, whose sable hand
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying Day.

Sithence the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic and Thessalian, bore esteem ;
And those in Grecian colonies dispersed,
Caria and Doris, and Ionia's coast,
And famed Tarentum, where Galesus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through solitary valleys seeks the sea :
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blast.
Those too of Bœtica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage bless'd of highest taste,
What need I name ? the Turdetanian track,
Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd
The finest webs ! where scarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only tin
To late improved Britannia gave renown.

Lo ! the revolving course of mighty Time,
Who loftiness abases, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her splendid streets,
The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal ? where the Attic fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cots,
Or sunny meadows, clothed with costly care ?
All in the solitude of ruin lost,
War's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's dust !

Long lay the mournful realms of elder fame
In gloomy desolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs
Who from the melancholy waste emerged :
In Adria's gulf her clotted locks she laved,
And rose another Venus : each soft joy,
Each aid of life, her busy wit restored ;
Science revived, with all the lovely Arts,
And all the Graces. Restituted Trade
To every virtue lent his helping stores,
And cheer'd the vales around ; again the pipe
And bleating flocks awaked the cheerful lawn.

The glossy fleeces now, of prime esteem,
Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Cassimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious stores ; woods, rocks, caves,
lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding streams ; a region term'd
The Paradise of Indus. Next the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbour stretch'd immense,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worship'd prince, whose lust is law :
Remote dominions, nor to ancient fame
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their distant climes adventurous trade.

Add, too, the silky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.

Next, proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades.

And beauteous Albion, since great Edgar chased
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears

Of silky lustre; chief, Siluria, thine;
Thine, Vaga, favour'd stream; from sheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece:
Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what
gleams

On Vecta's isle, that shelter's Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders; or Salopian stores,
Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains
Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet. He⁶, whose rustic Muse
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing display'd,
And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shires,
Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leicestria's marly plains, for length
Of whitest locks and magnitude of fleece
Peculiar? envy of the neighbouring realms!
But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
While e'en the tillage of our cultured plains,
With bossy turnip and luxuriant cole,
Learns through the circling year their flocks to feed?

Ingenious Trade, to clothe the naked world,
Her soft materials, not from sheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
Collects sagacious. In Eubœa's isle
A wondrous rock⁷ is found, of which are woven
Vests incombustible; Batavia, flax;
Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane;
Soft Persia, silk; Balasor's shady hills,
Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, grass;

⁶ Drayton.

⁷ A wondrous rock—the Asbestos.

And every sultry clime the snowy down
Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With glossy hair of Tibet's shagged goat
Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,
And airy float behind. The beaver's flax
Gives kindest warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood slow rises through the veins.
Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherd's stores,
For numerous uses known: none yield such
warmth,

Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure;
So pliant to the loom, so various, none.

Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they
bear

In fervid climes: Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth:
As the sleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad resigns it for the hatters' use.

E'en in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's glades,
And Canses'^a, echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign swains. While Time shakes down his
sands,

And works continual change, be none secure:
Quicken your labours, brace your slackening
nerves,

Ye Britons! nor sleep careless on the lap
Of bounteous Nature; she is elsewhere kind,

^a Apacheria and Canses, provinces in Louisiana, on the western side of the Mississippi.

See Mississippi lengthen on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds : see the sheep⁹
Of fertile Arica¹⁰, like camels form'd,
Which bear huge burdens to the seaboard shore,
And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down.

Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use ;
They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
Labouring at the wet shrouds, or stubborn helm,
While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear,
Nor what, from fleece Rataean¹¹, mimic flowers
Of rich Damascus : many a texture bright
Of that material in Prætorium¹² woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.

If any wool peculiar to our isle
Is given by Nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown
flake.

Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
This Golden Fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When Nature wide around him lies supine
And silent, in the tangles soft involved
Of death-like sleep : he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumines the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvass, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.

Happy the patriot who can teach the means

⁹ These sheep are called Guanapos.

¹⁰ Arica, a province of Peru.

¹¹ Rataean fleeces, the fleeces of Leicestershire.

¹² Coventry.

To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a generous aid
To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracks,
Or where the Lune¹³ or Coker¹⁴ wind their
streams,

Be found sufficient? Far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury, arise.
O might their mazy dales, and mountain sides,
With copious fleeces of Ierne shine,
And gulfy Caledonia, wisely bent
On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs;
Then would the sister realms, amid their seas,
Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And bless remotest climes!—To this loved end
Awake, Benevolence! to this loved end
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.
Far, far away, whose passions would immure
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride!) for your repast alone
Who claim all Nature's stores, woods, waters,
meads,

All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp
The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the sepulchre of Self entomb
Whate'er you can, whate'er ye cannot use.
Know, for superior ends the' Almighty Power
(The Power whose tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold; allots to each
His fair peculiar, wisdom, wit, and strength;

¹³ Lune, a river in Cumberland.

¹⁴ Coker, a river in Lancashire.

Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,
And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
With man united, is a nation strong;
Builds towery cities, satiates every want,
And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
For the high business of the public good.

For me, 'tis mine to pray that men regard
Their occupations with an honest heart
And cheerful diligence: like the useful bee,
To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleased to find
Whate'er may sooth distress, and raise the fallen,
In life's rough race. O be it as my wish!
'Tis mine to teach the 'inactive hand to reap
Kind Nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffused.

For this, I wake the weary hours of rest;
With this desire, the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd, the shepherd's hut I seek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleased with pure simplicity,
And rules divulged beneficent to sheep:
Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's stream,
Cold Hudson's cloudy straits, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,
And China's long canals: those noble works,
Those high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, sedulous of public weal:
Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge;
Thus also mindful, thus devising good,
At vacant seasons oft, when evening mild

Purples the valleys, and the shepherd counts
His flock, returning to the quiet fold
With dumb complacence; for religion, this,
To give our every comfort to distress,
And follow virtue with an humble mind;
This pure religion. Thus in elder time,
The reverend Blasius wore his leisure hours,
And slumbers broken oft; till, fill'd at length
With inspiration, after various thought,
And trials manifold, his well known voice
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb,
Show'd how the fleece might stretch to greater
length,

And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went round;
Matrons and maids with songs relieved their toils;
And every loom received the softer yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blasius! did not bless
Thy teaching hand? thy bosom, like the morn,
Opening its wealth, what nation did not seek
Of thy new model'd wool the curious webs?

Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly festivals: through their streets
The pomp, with tuneful sounds and order just,
Denoting Labour's happy progress, moves,
Procession slow and solemn: first the rout,
Then servient youth, and magisterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His sway, and office, in the commonweal;
And to the board of smiling Plenty's stores
Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are piled; and with free hand
Toil only tastes the feast, by nerveless Ease

Unrelish'd. Various mirth and song resound;
And oft they interpose improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks from experience that sometimes arise,
Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's
dawn

Rouses to labour, man to labour born.

Then the sleek brightening lock from hand to
hand

Renews its circling course: this feels the card;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;
And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.

For it suffices not in flowery vales
Only to tend the flock, and shear soft wool;
Gums must be stored of Guinea's arid coast,
Mexican woods, and India's brightening salts;
Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain
The fleece prepared, with oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum waves
Intenerate. With curious eye observe
In what variety the tribe of salts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, abstersive or restraining; how
Steel casts the sable; how pale pewter, fused
In fluid spirituous, the scarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mix'd, or changed,
By mediums colourless: why is the fume
Of sulphur kind to white and azure hues,
Pernicious else? why no materials yield
Singly their colours, those except that shine
With topaz, sapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, though Nature's face is clothed in green,

No green is found to beautify the fleece
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.

To find effects while causes lie conceal'd
Reason uncertain tries : howe'er, kind Chance
Oft with equivalent discovery pays
Its wandering efforts. Thus the German sage,
Diligent Drebel, o'er alchymic fire
Seeking the secret source of gold, received
Of alter'd cochineal the crimson store.
Tyrian Melcartus (the first who brought
Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,
And for unwearied toils and arts the name
Of Hercules acquired), when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex strike a purple stain,
The purple stain on fleecy woof he spread
Which lured the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre.

Our valleys yield not, or but sparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,
By which our naked ancestors obscured
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful Sun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which Trade to us conveys. Not tints alone;
Trade to the good physician gives his balms;
Gives cheering cordials to the afflicted heart;
Gives to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives to the curious, works of Nature rare;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares

His presence, power, and goodness, unconfined,
'Tis Trade, attentive voyagér, who fills
His lips with argument. To censure Trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal of human life, their fountains owe
To seeming imperfections, to vain wants
Or real exigencies; passions swift
Forerunning reason; strong contrarious bents,
The steps of men dispersing wide abroad
O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarged; for they
The clearest sense of Deity receive
Who view the widest prospect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade through various
climes;

Who see the signatures of boundless love,
Nor less the judgments of Almighty Power,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who scapes
From human justice; who, astonish'd, view
Ætna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires;
The dust of Carthage; desert shores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old
With stately towers; whose merchants, from their
isles

And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their shaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating
lambs;

Where rich Damascus piled his fleeces white,
Prepared, and thirsty for the double tint
And flowering shuttle. While the' admiring world

Crowded her streets, ah ! then the hand of Pride
Sow'd imperceptible his poisonous weed,
Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not e'en the ruins of her pomp, remain ;
Not e'en the dust they sunk in ; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the stormy deep :
Only the solitary rock remains,
Her ancient site ; a monument to those
Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.



THE FLEECE.



BOOK III.

The Argument.

Introduction. Recommendation of labour. The several methods of spinning. Description of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill described, and the progress of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill consequences of idleness. Country workhouses proposed; with a description of one. Good effects of industry exemplified in the prospect of Burstal and Leeds; and the cloth market there described. Preference of the labours of the loom to other manufactures, illustrated by some comparisons. History of the art of weaving; its removal from the Netherlands, and settlement in several parts of England. Censure of those who would reject the persecuted and the stranger; our trade and prosperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapestry taught us by the Saracens. Tapestries of Blenheim described. Different arts procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their industry, the surest source of it; hence a wish that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the seats of our manufactures; other countries less happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France, in attempting, by canals, a communication between the ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more easily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Description of the Thames, and the port of London.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK III.

PROCEED, Arcadian Muse! resume the pipe
Of Hermes, long disused, though sweet the tone,
And to the songs of Nature's choristers
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few; for every note which Virtue wounds,
However pleasing to the vulgar herd,
To the purged ear is discord. Yet too oft
Has false dissembling Vice to amorous airs
The reed applied, and heedless youth allured:
Too oft, with bolder sound, inflamed the rage
Of horrid war: Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural number, as of old,
When plains and sheepfolds were the Muses'
 haunts.

So thou, the friend of ev'ry virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, shalt these rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote!¹ whose benevolence
Visits our valleys, where the pasture spreads
And where the bramble, and would justly act
True charity, by teaching idle Want

¹ Sir John Heathcote, of Normanton, in Rutlandshire.

And Vice the inclination to do good;
Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,
Through grateful toil. E'en Nature lives by toil:
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling
worlds,

All live by action: nothing lies at rest
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improved, by labour. This of old
Wise states observing, gave that happy law
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing
plough,

Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What simple Nature yields
(And Nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the
(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps) [fleece
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs!
The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills;
Gray dawn appears; the golden morn ascends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires: arise, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or from the mingling card
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids!

Receive the soft material ; with light step
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye, and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently lessening thread ;
Even, unknotted twine will praise your skill.
A different spinning every different web
Asks from your glowing fingers : some require
The more compact and some the looser wreath ;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy : scarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.

There are, to speed their labour, who prefer
Wheels double spool'd, which yield to either hand
A several line ; and many yet adhere
To the' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk :
At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method still
Norvicum favours, and the' Icenian² towns :
It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of spinning when the' Egyptian prince
A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too beauteous Helen ! no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious, has a spiral engine³ form'd,
Which on a hundred spools a hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines,

² The Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

³ Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

Few hands requiring ; easy tended work,
That copiously supplies the greedy loom.

Nor hence, ye nymphs ! let anger cloud your
brows ;

The more is wrought the more is still required :
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed :
Fear not surcharge ; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the strife of trade
These curious instruments of speed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
Which ever gliding feed the flowery lawn :
Nor, should the careful State, severely kind,
In every province to the house of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain :
Yours with the public good shall ever rise,
Ever, while o'er the lawns and airy downs
The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard ;
While in the brook ye blanch the glistening fleece,
And the' amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.

The amorous youth with various hopes inflamed,
Now on the busy stage see him step forth,
With beating breast : high honour'd he beholds
Rich industry. First, he bespeaks a loom ;
From some thick wood the carpenter selects
A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,
Or sapplin ash : he shapes the sturdy beam,
The posts, and treadles, and the frame combines :
The smith, with iron screws and plated hoops,
Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt

That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe
And graver's knife the hollow shuttle add.
Various professions in the work unite,
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of subtle skill;
Howe'er in vulgar use around the globe
Frequent observed, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: the' adventurous voyager,
Toss'd over ocean to remotest shores,
Hears on remotest shores the murmuring loom,
Sees the deep furrowing plough and harrow'd field,
The wheel-moved waggon, and the discipline
Of strong-yoked steers. What needful art is new?

Next, the industrious youth employs his care
To store soft yarn! and now he strains the warp
Along the garden walk, or highway side,
Smoothing each thread: now fits it to the loom,
And sits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready shuttle glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof, and shut, altern;
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Against the web is driven the noisy frame,
That o'er the level rushes, like a surge
Which, often dashing on the sandy beach,
Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
Again, across the lines oft opening, glides
The thready shuttle, while the web apace
Increases as the light of eastern skies,
Spread by the rosy fingers of the Morn,
And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.

Or if the broader mantle be the task,
He chooses some companion to his toil.
From side to side, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,

While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the opening mind.

What need we name the several kinds of looms?
Those delicate, to whose fair colour'd threads
Hang figured weights, whose various numbers
guide

The artist's hand: he, unseen flowers, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works:
Or that, whose numerous needles, glittering bright,
Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs;
Modern invention; modern is the want.

Next, from the slacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near some clear sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noisy fulling-mill received;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.

Oft the wet web is steep'd, and often raised,
Fast dripping, to the river's grassy bank,
And sinewy arms of men, with full strain'd strength
Wring out the latent water: then up hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid Sun
Its level surface, reeking, it expands;
Still brightening in each rigid discipline,
And gather'd worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears
And burler's thistle skim the surface sheen.
The round of work goes on, from day to day,
Season to season. So the husbandman
Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
The sickle labours, and the slow team strains,
Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.

The' ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
The last improvement; for the' unlabour'd fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.

In penetrating waves of boiling vats,
The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
Fustic, or logwood mix'd, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,
Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
Like those that canopy the bowers of Stow
After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,
Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

From yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs
Beauteous emerge; from these the azure rise;
This glows with crimson; that the auburn holds;
These shall the prince with purple robes adorn,
And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.

Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues arise.

That stain alone is good which bears unchanged
Dissolving water's, and calcining sun's,
And thieving air's, attacks. How great the need
With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts,
And purest gums! since your whole skill consists
In opening well the fibres of the woof,
For the reception of the beauteous dye,
And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchased.

But what the powers, which lock them in the web;
Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air,
Or fountain water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combined, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we lost our old repute?

And who inquires the cause why Gallia's sons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?

Yet yield not, Britons! grasp in every art
The foremost name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's strand,
The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.

Now see, o'er vales and peopled mountain tops
The welcome traders gathering every web,
Industrious, every web too few. Alas!
Successless oft their industry, when cease
The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
Their motion stopp'd by wild Intemperance,
Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To scorn their task work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude steps; while Misery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.

O when, through every province, shall be raised
Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,
For those who now delight in fruitless sports
More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor! who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame! ye blind!
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways and mountains wild,
Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of Affliction! be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd daylight dawns,
When charitable Rigour should detain
Your step-bruised feet. E'en now the sons of
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile, [Trade,

Erect the mansion⁴: here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage: here your viands are prepared:
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your Maker praise.

Behold, in Calder's⁵ vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the shrubby hills,
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise:
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps
Upraised, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
The sprightly scene; where many a busy hand,
Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with
motion quick,



And ever murmuring sound, the' unwonted sense
Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can bestow. Nor less they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal scale
Some deal abroad the well assorted fleece;
These card the short, those comb the longer, flake:
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp,

⁴ Erect the mansion.—This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

⁵ Calder, a river in Yorkshire, which runs below Halifax, and passes by Wakefield.

Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks;
Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.
Another scene displays the more robust
Rasping or grinding tough Brazilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web,
And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honeycomb. We next are shown
A circular machine⁶, of new design,
In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needless hands.
A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,
To every member of the harmonious frame
Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says,
Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright spindles, which with rapid whirl
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

From this delightful mansion (if we seek
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
Distributes) take we now our eastward course
To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile;
And ruddy roofs and chimney tops appear
Of busy Leeds, upwafing to the clouds
The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy;
And trade and business guide the living scene;

⁶ A most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is contrived to spin cotton, but may be made to spin fine carded wool.

Roll the full cars adown the winding Aire,
Load the slow sailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of slow paced steeds.
As when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work ;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
With warm affection to each other's aid,
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life :
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn ;
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads ;
The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board
Crown'd with full baskets, in the fieldway paths
Come tripping on ; the echoing hills repeat
The stroke of axe and hammer ; scaffolds rise,
And growing edifices ; heaps of stone,
Beneath the chisel, beauteous shapes assume
Of frieze and common. Some, with even line,
New streets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work presides. Such was the scene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
First view'd her growing turrets : so appear
The' increasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo ! in throngs,
For every realm, the careful factors meet,
Whispering each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like War's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude

The speedy compact; and, well pleased, transfer,
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labour and endurance. Deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies.
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue
And tedious process of its painful works
The lusty sicken, and the feeble die.

But cheerful are the labours of the loom,
By health and ease accompanied: they bring
Superior treasures speedier to the state
Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves
(Wretched requital!) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains
Behold arising in their fattening flocks
A double wealth, more rich than Belgium's boast,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayan's, whose ignobler care
Nurses the silkworm; or of India's sons,
Who plant the cotton grove by Ganges' stream;
Nor do their toils and products furnish more
Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give clothing to necessity; keep warm
The unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempest beats around.

No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,

Ye feebly delicate ! life little needs
Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm
To cast the strong-flung shuttle or the spear.
Can ye defend your country from the storm
Of strong invasion ? Can ye want endure,
In the besieged fort, with courage firm ?
Can ye the weatherbeaten vessel steer,
Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm
Mid wild discordant waves with steady course ?
Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,
The' o'erflowing of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious persecution driven,
And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
New regions ; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful power of tyrants ! These are deeds
To which their hardy labours well prepare
The sinewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,
Ye sons of Albion ! with unyielding heart,
Your hardy labours ; let the sounding loom
Mix with the melody of every vale ;
The loom, that long renown'd wide-envied gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon received
From fair Venetia ; she from Grecian nymphs ;
They from Phenicè, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus around the globe
The golden footed Sciences their path
Mark, like the Sun, enkindling life and joy ;
And, follow'd close by Ignorance and Pride,
Lead Day and Night o'er realms. Our day arose
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile valleys of the Scheld ;
With speedy wing and scatter'd course they fled,
Like a community of bees, disturb'd

By some relentless swain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wise Egypt erst
To troubled Nilus, whose nutritious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then from fair Antwerp an industrious train
Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas,
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of spacious Medway: some on gentle Yare
And fertile Waveney pitch'd, and made their seats
Pleasant Norvicum and Colcestria's towers:
Some to the Darent sped their happy way:
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose
Antona's chalky plains, and stretch'd their tents
Down to Clausentum, and that bay supine
Beneath the shade of Vecta's cliffy isle.
Soon o'er the hospitable realm they spread,
With cheer revived; and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd;
Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,
Nor those by Vaga's stream, from ruins raised
Of ancient Ariconium; nor less pleased
With Salop's various scenes, and that soft tract
Of Cambria, deep embay'd, Dimetian land,
By green hills fenced, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
The fortunes of the fleece; whose ancestors
Were fugitives from Superstition's rage,
And erst from Devon thither brought the loom,
Where ivied walls of old Kidwelly's towers,
Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
Lancastria's arms, emboss'd in mouldering stone,

Thus, then, on Albion's coast the exiled band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld, alighted; and, alighting, sang
Grateful thanksgiving. Yet at times they shift
Their habitations, when the hand of pride,
Restraint, or southern luxury, disturbs
Their industry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inspired, their art improves the fleece,
Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,
Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time
We were their shepherds only; from which state
With friendly arm they raised us: nathless some
Among our old and stubborn swains misdeem'd
And envied who enrich'd them; envied those
Whose virtues taught the varletry of towns
To useful toil to turn the pilfering hand.

And still, when bigotry's black clouds arise
(For oft they sudden rise in papal realms),
They from their isle, as from some ark secure,
Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of superstition and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling storm,
Which fierce pursues the sufferers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms,
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by distresses oft
(Distresses for the sake of truth endured)
Corrected, dignified; creating good
Wherever they inhabit: this our isle
Has oft experienced; witness, all ye realms
Of either hemisphere where commerce flows:
The' important truth is stamp'd on every bale;
Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,

Receives the' impression; every airy woof,
 Cheyney, and baize, and serge, and alepine,
 Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list
 Of woollen webs; and every work of steel;
 And that crystalline metal, blown or fused,
 Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
 Of mossy marble: not to name the aids
 Their wit has given the fleece, now taught to link
 With flax, or cotton, or the silkworm's thread,
 And gain the graces of variety;
 Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
 Or the thin shading trail for Agra's⁷ nymphs;
 Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds
 Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

They, too, the many-colour'd Arras taught
 To mimic nature, and the airy shapes
 Of sportive fancy; such as oft appear
 In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough
 Upturns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field,
 Or that o'ershaded erst by Woodstock's bower.
 Now graced by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms
 Rise glowing tapestries that lure the eye
 With Marlborough's wars: here Schellenbergh
 exults

Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,
 And vales of trenches dark; each hideous pass
 Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
 His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
 Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,
 And the red Danube. Here, the rescued states
 Crowding beneath his shield; there, Ramillies'

⁷ There is woven at Manchester, for the East Indies, a very thin stuff, of thread and cotton, which is cooler than the manufactures of that country, where the material is only cotton.

Important battle: next the tenfold chain
Of Arleux burst, and the adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A shade obscures the rest—Ah! then, what power
Invidious from the lifted sickle snatch'd
The harvest of the plain? So lively glows
The fair delusion, that our passions rise
In the beholding, and the glories share
Of visionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of Pagan hands,
While she assay'd, with rage of holy war,
To desolate their fields: but old the skill;
Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms re-
Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excell'd, [nown'd;
And elder Sidon, in the' historic web.

Far distant Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,
And glutinous materials: the Chinese
Their porcelain, Japan its varnish boasts.
Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
And each from each a share of wealth acquires.

But chief by numbers of industrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raise
Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells
There will be Traffic's seat; there will she build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy swains!
With hospitality inflame your breast,
And emulation: the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle.
Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,
Shall join their various stores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterprising, or to teach
The stream a naval course, or till the wild,

Through Towy, winding under Merlin's towers;
And Usk, that frequent among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints the' impending scene,
Wild torrents, crags, and woods, and mountain
snows.

The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
Carry their labours on pigmean steeds,
Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
Yet strong and sprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And spreads the swelling sheet. For nowhere far
From some transparent river's naval course
Arise, and fall, our various hills and vales,
Nowhere far distant from the masted wharf.
We need not vex the strong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as the' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the sable waters of the Nile
From Memphis' towers to the' Erythræan gulf;
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whose will imperious forced a hundred streams
Through many a forest, many a spacious wild,
To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea;
That some unprofitable skiff might float
Across irriguous dales and hollow'd rocks.

Far easier pains may swell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the isle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave
By plains alone parted, woo to join
Majestic Thamis. With their silver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
And celebrate the union; and the light

Woodnymphs, and those who o'er the grots pre-
side,

Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,
Long sitting at the loom; and those besides,
Who crown with yellow sheaves the farmer's
And all the genii of commercial toil: [hopes,
These on the dewy lawns await to speed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece
And glossy web to every port around
May lightly glide along. E'en now behold,
Adown a thousand floods the burden'd barks,
With white sails glistening, through the gloomy
woods

Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
Of stately Thamis, ever checker'd o'er
With deeply laden barges, gliding smooth
And constant as his stream: in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty Trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthroned,
Gives audience to the world; the strand around
Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what
fleets!

Lo, from the simple Fleece how much proceeds!

THE FLEECE.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

Our manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave-trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern coast of Afric. Trade to Persia and Indostan precarious through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Coromandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-islands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin by means of the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates; hence the passage through Hudson's Bay impracticable. Inquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific Ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

THE FLEECE.

BOOK IV.

Now, with our woolly treasures amply stored,
Glide the tall fleets into the widening main,
A floating forest: every sail unfurl'd
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.
Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
Steady; with eye intent upon the steel,
Steady before the breeze the pilot steers,
While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prow
Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin
To streak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought,
Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return; while some explore
Deep Finnic gulfs, and a new shore and mart,
The bold creation of that Kesar's power,
Illustrious Peter! whose magnificent toils
Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.

Soon sinks away the green and level beach
Of Romney marish and Rye's silent port,
By angry Neptune closed, and Vecta's isle,
Like the pale moon in vapour, faintly bright.
A hundred opening marts are seen, are lost;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgcombe Mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene!
Yet steady o'er the waves they steer; and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundless magnitude, around them swells,
O'er whose imaginary brim nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught, appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft: heaven's azure vault
Bends overhead, majestic, to its base,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the Cape
Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.
Again, and oft, the' adventurous sails disperse;
These to Iberia, others to the coast
Of Lusitania, the' ancient Pharsis deem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions! with the webs
Of Norwich pleased, or those of Manchester;
Light airy clothing for their vacant swains
And visionary monks. We, in return,
Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces soft,
Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Powerful incentive; or Hesperian fruits,
Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.
Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage
through

The gates of Hercules¹, find many seas,
And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels ;
But shores inhospitable oft to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracks become
Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
Fallen, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
Resign their ruins. Tiber's boasted flood, [deep,
Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject
Now creeps along through brakes and yellow dust,
While Neptune scarce perceives its murmuring
rill,

Such are the' effects when Virtue slacks her hand ;
Wild Nature back returns. Along these shores
Neglected Trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting slender stores, the sundried grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste
Of luxury. E'en Egypt's fertile strand,
Bereft of human discipline, has lost
Its ancient lustre : Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the numerous marts
That in those glittering seas with splendour rose,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,
Remains in prosperous state, and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the Muse.

To these resort the delegates of Trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood,
And bales of softest wool from Bradford's looms,
Or Stroud, dispense ; yet see with vain regret
Their stores, once highly prized, no longer now

¹ The Straits of Gibraltar.

Or sought or valued : copious webs arrive,
Smooth woven, of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd strand alluring : the great skill
Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails,
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—'tis not—
Wrong not the Gaul ; it is the foe within
Impairs our ancient marts : it is the bribe ;
'Tis he who pours into the shops of trade
That impious poison : it is he who gains
The sacred seat of parliament by means
That vitiate and emasculate the mind ;
By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene
Of riot worse than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this, the Tartar and remote Chinese,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.

Meantime (while those who dare be just oppose
The various powers of many-headed Vice),
Ye delegates of Trade ! by patience rise
O'er difficulties : in this sultry clime
Note what is found of use ; the flix of goat,
Red wool, and balm, and coffee's berry brown,
Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug ;
Unnumber'd arts await them : trifles oft,
By skilful labour, rise to high esteem.
Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simois, or Mæander slow,
Renown'd in story, with his plough upturns,
Neglect ; the hoary medal, and the vase,
Statue, and bust, of old magnificence
Beautiful relics : oh ! could modern time
Restore the mimic art, and the clean mien
Of patriot sages, Walsinghams and Yorkes,
And Cecils, in long-lasting stone preserve !
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—

Impair'd they seem—or in a varied dress
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights:
Change then your searches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabæan frankincense
Rare is collected now: few altars smoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaia views
Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast:
Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs
Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets
With gloomy cowl, majestic no more.

See the dark spirit of tyrannic power!
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,
And the Mæotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hostile battlement. In aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: insolent of rule, he spreads
Thralldom and desolation o'er his realms.

Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce discovers: the Livonian gulf
Receives her sails, and leads them to the port
Of rising Petersburgh, whose splendid streets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Cossac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crowds resort, and their warm'd limbs infold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoid,
Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves
Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage
Overtake his homeward step; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams,
And borders of the Caspian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes which fill'd
With proudest affluence the Colchian state.

Many have been the ways to those renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis, to the port of wealthy Tyre,
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,
Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails;
And sacred Salem, when her numerous fleets
From Ezion-geber pass'd the' Arabian gulf.

But latter times, more fortunate, have found
O'er ocean's open wave a surer course,
Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracks,
And islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
Is now of commerce made the scene immense,
Which daring ships frequent, associated
Like doves or swallows in the' etherial flood,
Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

Some with more open course to Indus steer;
Some coast from port to port, with various men
And manners conversant; of the' angry surge,
That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with
foam,
Regardless, or the monsters of the deep,
Porpoise or grampus, or the ravenous shark
That chase their keels; or threatening rock, o'er
head
Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckless, they furl their sails, and, bartering,
take

Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.

The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,

And high Bojador ; Zara, too, displays
Unfruitful deserts ; Gambia's wave in isles
An oozy coast, and pestilential ills
Diffuses wide ; behind are burning sands,
Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.

On Guinea's sultry strand the drapery light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd.
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white ivory ; yet the valued trade
Along this barbarous coast, in telling, wounds
The generous heart, the sale of wretched slaves :
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging
death

For life-long servitude ; severe exchange !
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugarcane and the Tobago leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increasing navies to their crowded wharfs.

But let the man whose rough tempestuous hours
In this adventurous traffic are involved,
With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce : wickedness is blind :
Their sable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.

Hot Guinea, too, gives yellow dust of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And sandy deserts, roused by sudden storms,
All search forbid. Howe'er, on either hand,
Valleys and pleasant plains, and many a track
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found
Fertile and populous : their sable tribes,

In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,
And soft refreshing breezes : nor are lakes
Here wanting ; those a sea-wide surface spread,
Which to the distant Nile and Senegal
Send long meanders. Whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, Ignorance o'ercasts
With her dark mantle. Monomotapa's coast
Is seldom visited ; and the rough shore
Of Cafres, land of savage Hottentots,
Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave
Their aged parents. What barbarity
And brutal ignorance where social trade
Is held contemptible ! Ye gliding sails !
From these inhospitable gloomy shores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the cheerful mariner Good Hope
Of prosperous voyage, steer. Rejoice to view
What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,
Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in husk or glossy rind :
There the capacious vase from crystal springs
Replenish, and convenient store provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.

See ! through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic shapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
Of Sofala, thought Ophir, in whose hills
E'en yet some portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand
Of its clear streams, though unregarded now ;
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
The vessels glide, unless their speed be stopp'd

By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
While every zephyr sleeps : then the shrouds
drop ;

The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not ; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fused in the fire ; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor
Did ever temple boast as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around ?
At solemn distances its pillars rise,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,
And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And glossy shells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their course, till this bright
scene

Is brush'd away before the rising beeeze,
That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
The sail full swelling to Socotra's isle,
For aloes famed ; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar,
And fill'd with plenty, though dry sandy wastes
Spread naked round ; so great the power of trade.

Persia few ports : more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour famed,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few,
Where wild Ambition frequent from his lair

Starts up; while fell Revenge and Famine lead
• To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the valleys? Oft in vain
The merchant seeks upon the strand whom erst,
Associated by trade, he deck'd and clothed :
In vain whom rage or famine has devour'd
He seeks, and with increased affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent saltpetre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd saps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the clothier knows their worth;
And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mix'd
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material; though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not. Let none deem
The fleece in any traffic unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade
Which Leeds or Cairo, Lima or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all unconscious of the union act.
Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coasts their shores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks,
Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills,
And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm
Of bees in summer on a poplar's trunk,

Clustering innumerable : these behind
His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's gray peaks, from whose volcanos rise
Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Darted in air aloft; around whose feet
Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves,
In various prospect; Ceylon, also deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich disputed strand
Of Cor'mandel, where Traffic grieves to see
Discord and Avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
'Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons! and ye Gauls!
Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts;'
But cries aloud in vain. Yet, wise defence
Against Ambition's wide-destroying pride,
Madras erected, and Saint David's fort,
And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,
Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
And Maldo's and Patana's : from their holds
The shining bales our factors deal abroad,
And see the country's products, in exchange,
Before them heap'd; cotton's transparent webs,
Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs,
Alum, and lac, and clouded tortoiseshell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming nymphs. For these, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our draperies are dispersed,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Cassimere, and Atoc, on the stream
Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm;

And late discover'd Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought
To threadless drapery, which in conic forms
Of various hues their gaudy roofs adorn.

The keels which voyage through Molucca's
Straits

Amid a cloud of spicy odours sail,
From Java and Sumatra breathed, whose woods
Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth
In woolly vestures. Ternate and Tidore
Give to the festal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confined,
While gracious Nature, with unsparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.

Near those delicious isles the beauteous coast
Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,
Ye sons of Trade! that ever flowery shore,
Those azure hills, those woods, and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall glossy towers of porcelain
And pillar'd pagod shine; rejoiced they see
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.

Upon the strand they heap their glossy bales,
And works of Birmingham, in brass or steel,
And flint, and ponderous lead, from deep cells
raised,
Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,
That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn
mast:

These, for the artists of the fleece, procure
Various materials; and for affluent life

The flavour'd tea and glossy-painted vase;
Things elegant, ill titled luxuries,
In temperance used, delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the strongest thread
Of the green silkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, secure
In constant peace and commerce; till'd to the'
height

Of rich fertility; where, thick as stars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and shady dale; e'en on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes, and bordering seas,
Rise floating villages. No wonder, when
In every province firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable streams,
Ever with ease conduct the works of toil
To sure and speedy markets, through the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon slow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Russic caravans are brought,
Through Scythia's numerous regions, waste and
wild,

Journey immense! which to the' attentive ear
The Muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.

From the proud mart of Petersburg, erewhile
The watery seat of Desolation wide,
Issue these trading caravans, and urge,
Through dazzling snows, their dreary trackless
road;

By compass steering oft from week to week,

From month to month; whole seasons view their
toils.

Neva they pass, and Kesma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threatening in vain; and many a cataract
In its fall stopp'd, and bound with bars of ice.

Close on the left, unnumber'd tracks they view
White with continual frost; and on the right
The Caspian Lake, and ever flowery realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the
haunt

Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are destined to the sword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcasses, or under foot
Thick strown; while in their rough bewilder'd
vales

The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.

Sometimes o'er level ways, on easy sleds,
The generous horse conveys the sons of trade,
And ever and anon the docile dog,
And now the light reindeer, with rapid pace
Skims over icy lakes: now slow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend
To hollow valleys, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the rising moon, through watery mists;
Tobol! the' abode of those unfortunate
Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where carl and prince,
Soldier and statesman, and uncrested chief,
On the dark level of adversity,

Converse familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness,
Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks
Of trade are kindled. Trade arises oft,
And virtue, from adversity and want :
Be witness, Carthage ! witness, ancient Tyre !
And thou, Batavia ! daughter of distress.
This with his hands, which erst the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts ; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow ; that the mattock drives :
All are employ'd, and by their works acquire
Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements,
Pleased and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan
Through lively spreading cultures, pastures green,
And yellow tillages in opening woods ;
Thence on, through Narim's wild, a pathless road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplex'd ;

Land of the lazy Ostiaks, thin dispersed,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented ; miserable tribe !
Void of commercial comforts ; who, nor corn,
Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
Know to procure ; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share,
Nor social aid : beneath their thorny bed
The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains ; and the heights admire
Of white Imaüs, whose snow-nodding crags
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
Pour mighty rivers down, the' impetuous streams
Of Oby and Irtis, and Jenisca swift,

Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

These rugged paths and savage landscapes
pass'd,

A new scene strikes their eyes : among the clouds
Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work ; that matchless work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power,
In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are seen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vast extent ! beyond the length
Of many a potent empire : towers and ports,
Three times a thousand, lift thereon their brows
At equal paces, and in prospect around
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.

At length the gloomy passage they attain
Of its deep vaulted gates, whose opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering spires,
The destined mart, where joyous they arrive.
Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of steadfast earth ; for so
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.

Now to the other hemisphere, my Muse !
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnassus, the unwearied toils
Of industry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.

Happy the voyage o'er the Atlantic brine
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy
When he discern'd, above the foamy surge,

A rising coast, for future colonies
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
E'en from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of Labour: thither from the wrongs
Of lawless rule the freeborn spirit flies;
Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,
And Arts and Sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes the' asylum of mankind!

But joy superior far his bosom warms
Who views those shores in every culture dress'd;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley, and his countrymen
Form'd into various states, powerful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new desires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.

Ye who the shuttle cast along the loom,
The silkworm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian track,
Nor slight the green savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods arise
Of mulberries, and in whose water'd fields
Up springs the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
Where are the happy regions which afford
More implements of commerce and of wealth?

Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overshades some crystal river, spreads

Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
The fleecy shuttle: to her growing marts
The Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
Blush, Europeans; whom the circling cup
Of luxury intoxicates. Ye routs,
Who for your crimes have fled your native land;
And ye voluptuous idle, who in vain
Seek easy habitations, void of care:
The sons of Nature, with astonishment
And detestation mark your evil deeds,
And view, no longer awed, your nerveless arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.

See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Massachuset, happy in those arts
That join the politics of trade and war,
Bearing the palm in either; they appear
Better exemplars; and that hardy crew
Who on the frozen beach of Newfoundland
Hang their white fish amid the parching winds;
The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, infolds with cheerly
warmth,

And frize of Cambria, worn by those who seek,
Through gulfs and dales of Hudson's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in vain,
While winter's frosty rigour checks approach,
E'en in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
(If ye, the travel'd sons of Commerce, know),
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the Sun's annual course, in chains of ice!

While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,
By the same zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phœbus, and, supine, behold
Their plains and hillocks blush with clustering
vines?

Must it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty Labour drain their gusty lakes,
Enlarge the brightening sky, and, peopling, warm
The opening valleys and the yellowing plains?
Or, rather, shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles
Numerous and large? have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar sciences, and other forms
Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course
By the Antarctic circle; nor beyond
Those sea-wrapp'd gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's Isle
The standard of Britannia shall arise.
Proud Buenos Ayres, low-couch'd Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye,
The labouring vessel: neither may we trust
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind: no traffic there,
No barter, for the fleece: there angry storms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners!
Be firm; take courage from the brave: 'twas there
Perils and conflicts inexpressible,
Anson, with steady undespairing breast,

Endured, when o'er the various globe he chased
His country's foes. Fast gathering tempests roused
Huge ocean, and involved him : all around
Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror : now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Descending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd the' uncover'd bottom of the' abyss,
And now the stars, upon the loftiest point
Toss'd of the sky-mix'd surges. Oft the burst
Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas,
Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts,
While flames, thick flashing in the gloom, reveal'd
Ruins of decks, and shrouds, and sights of death.

Yet on he fared, with fortitude his cheer,
Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inaccessible
Wreck-threatening Staten Land's o'erhanging
shore,

Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever wild
Posture of falling ; as when Pelion rear'd
On Ossa, and on Ossa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.

At length, through every tempest, as some
Which from a poplar falls into a loud [branch
Impetuous cataract, though deep immersed,
Yet reascends, and glides, on lake or stream,
Smooth through the valleys ; so his way he won
To the serene Pacific, flood immense !
And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.

Then Paita's walls, in wasting flames involved,
His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave

To show humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe secure to pride
And violence, although the far stretch'd coast
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cause! though fell disease,
Unabating labour, tedious time, conspired,
And heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Though that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the
Denied all hospitable land or port; [world,
Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in the' abyss, whereon
To drop the fastening anchor: though his brave
Companions ceased, subdued by toil extreme;
Though solitary left in Tinian's seas,
Where never was before the dreaded sound
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes!

Rejoice, ye nations! vindicate the sway
Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whose fertile earth
By ocean's briny waves are circumscribed,
The armed host, and murdering sword of war,
And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er
Her solemn compacts in the lust of rule: [breaks
Studios of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs
The holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and spread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms,

Peculiar give. Ye, too, rejoice, ye swains !
Increasing commerce shall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careless wealth,
Pernicious gift! bestows: a day will come
When, through new channels sailing, we shall
clothe

The Californian coast, and all the realms
That stretch from Anian's Straits to proud Japan,
And the green isles, which on the left arise
Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
Not yet are figured on the sailor's chart:
Then every variation shall be told
Of the magnetic steel, and currents mark'd
Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.

That portion, too, of land, a track immense,
Beneath the' Antarctic spread, shall then be known,
And new plantations on its coast arise.
Then rigid winter's ice no more shall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the soft fleece shall every where be clothed.
The' exulting Muse shall then, in vigour fresh,
Her flight renew; meanwhile, with weary wing
O'er ocean's wave returning, she explores
Siluria's flowery vales, her old delight,
The shepherds' haunts, where the first springs arise
Of Britain's happy trade, now spreading wide,
Wide as the' Atlantic and Pacific seas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

THE INQUIRY.

YE poor little sheep! ah! well may ye stray;
 While sad is your shepherd, and Clio away!
 Tell where have you been; have you met with my
 love

On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
 Alas a day! No—ye are starved and half dead;
 Ye saw not my love, or ye all had been fed.

Oh, Sun! did you see her?—ah! surely you did:
 'Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is
 she hid?

Ye tall whistling pines! that on yonder hill grow,
 And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
 Did you see her a roving in wood or in brake,
 Or bathing her fair limbs in some silent lake?

Ye Mountains! that look on the vigorous east,
 And the north, and the south, and the wearisome
 west,

Pray tell where she hides her; you surely do know;
 And let not her lover pine after her so.

Oh! had I the wings of an eagle, I'd fly
 Along with bright Phœbus all over the sky;
 Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide
 display'd,

And dart in my eyes at each whispering shade:
 I'd search every tuft in my diligent tour,
 I'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bower,
 Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
 And made myself quiet and happy again.

EPISTLES.

TO

A FAMOUS PAINTER.

DELIGHTFUL partner of my heart,
Master of the loveliest art!
How sweet our senses you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng, believe!
Here flows the Po—the Minis there,
Winding about with sedgy hair;
And there the Tiber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood;
And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Granic's bloody banks,
Who bravely die, or basely run
From Philip's all subduing son;
And there the wounded Porus, brought
(The bravest man that ever fought)
To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntless visage as he lies
In death's most painful agonies.
To me reveal thy heavenly art,
To me thy mysteries impart.
As yet I but in verse can paint,
And to the' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you show,
Seeming Nature's living glow:

The beauteous shapes of objects near,
Or distant ones confused in air;
The golden eve, the blushing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleasing views of checker'd glades,
And rivers winding through the shades,
And sunny hills—and pleasant plains,
And groups of merry nymphs and swains.

Or some old building, hid with grass,
Rearing sad its ruin'd face,
Whose columns, frizes, statues, lie
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or swift adown a mountain tall
A foaming cataract's sounding fall,
Whose loud roaring stuns the ear
Of the wandering traveller;
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level shining sea;
Or surges rough, that froth and roar,
And, angry, dash the sounding shore;
And vessels toss'd, and billows high,
And lightning flashing from the sky;
Or that which gives me most delight,
The fair idea (seeming sight!)
Of warrior fierce, with shining blade,
Or orator, with arms display'd,
Tully's engaging air and mien
Declaiming against Catiline;
Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die.

Or Hercules, with lion's hide,
And knotty cudgel, thrown aside,
Lifting Antæus high in air,
Who in his gripe expires there.

Or Sisyphus, with toil and sweat,
And muscles strain'd, striving to get
Up a steep hill a ponderous stone,
Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous
down;

Or beauteous Helen's easy air,
With head reclined, and flowing hair;
Or comely Paris, gay and young,
Moving with gallant grace along!
These you can do—I but advance
In a florid ignorance,
And say to you, who better know,
You should design them so and so.

TO

AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM CALLED GIDEON¹.

TELL me, wondrous friend! where were you
When Gideon was your lofty song?
Where did the heavenly spirit bear you
When your fair soul reflected strong
Gideon's actions, as they shined
Bright in the chambers of your mind?
Say, have you trod Arabia's spicy vales,
Or gather'd bays beside Euphrates' stream,
Or lonely sung with Jordan's waterfalls,
While heavenly Gideon was your sacred theme?

¹ Those lines in this poem enclosed between brackets, are taken out of the poem entitled Gideon.

Or have you many ages given
To close retirement and to books,
And held a long discourse with Heaven,
And noticed Nature in her various looks?
Full of inspiring wonder and delight,
Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye,
Like a pleased traveller, that lingers sweet
On some fair and lofty plain
Where the sun does brightly shine,
And glorious prospects all around him lie.
On Gideon's pages beautifully shine
Surprising pictures rising to my sight,
With all the life of colours and of line,
And all the force of rounding shade and light,
And all the grace of something more divine.
High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
I see a youth divinely fair!
[Pensive he leans his head on his left hand;
His smiling eye sheds sweetness mix'd with awe;
His right hand with a milk-white wand some figure
seems to draw!
A nameless grace is scatter'd through his air,
And o'er his shoulders loosely flows his amber-
colour'd hair!]
Above, with burning blush the morning glows,
The waking world all fair before him lies;
[Slow from the plain the melting dews,
To kiss the sunbeams, climbing, rise.]
Methinks the grove of Baal I see,
In terraced stages mount up high,
And wave its sable beauties in the sky:
[From stage to stage broad steps of half-hid stone,
With curling moss and blady grass o'ergrown,

Lead awful]—

Down in a dungeon deep, [light
[Where through thick walls, oblique, the broken
From narrow loopholes quivers to the sight,
With swift and furious stride,
Close folded arms, and short and sudden starts,
The fretful prince, in dumb and sullen pride,
Revolves escape]—

Here in red colours, glowing bold,
A warlike figure strikes my eye,
The dreadful sudden sight his foes behold
Confounded so, they lose the power to fly;
[Backening they gaze at distance on his face,
Admire his posture, and confess his grace;
His right hand grasps his planted spear.]
Alas! my Muse! through much good will you err,
And we the mighty author greatly wrong,
To gather beauties here and there,
As but a scatter'd few there were,
While every word's a beauty in his song!

TO MR. SAVAGE,

SON OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS.

SINK not, my friend! beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleased to be found intrinsically great.
Shame on the dull! who think the soul looks less
Because the body wants a glittering dress.
It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire.

That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes
Is the fop's tinsel, which the grave despise.
Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they
gaze

The coxcomb's ne'er discover'd in the blaze.
As few the vices of the wealthy see,
So virtues are conceal'd by poverty. [shine!

Earl Rivers!—In that name how wouldst thou
Thy verse how sweet! thy fancy how divine!
Critics and bards would, by their worth, be awed,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou hast nought to please the vulgar eye,
No title hast, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt small praise, but much ill nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;
And if, though few, they any faults can see,
How meanly bitter will cold censure be!
But since we all, the wisest of us, err,
Sure it's the greatest fault to be severe.

A few, however, yet expect to find
Among the misty millions of mankind,
Who proudly stoop to aid an injured cause,
And o'er the sneer of coxcombs force applause;
Who with felt pleasure see fair Virtue rise,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize;
Or mark her labouring in the modest breast,
And honour her the more the more depress'd.

Thee, Savage! these (the justly great) admire;
Thee, quickening judgment's phlegm with fancy's
fire;

Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

TO

A FRIEND IN TOWN¹.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy town,
 Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
 Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
 Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
 (Contented!—why every thing charms me)
 Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cas-
 Till hence rigid virtue alarms me; [cades!

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
 The swift, the intrepid avenger;
 Till sacred religion or liberty bleeds,
 Then mine be the deed and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, what wealth and domain
 We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
 Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
 Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
 Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even,
 While gently the body descends to the grave,
 And the spirit arises to Heaven.

¹ Among the Poems to Savage there is one to Dyer, in answer to his from the country.

END OF DYER.

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